The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

VOL. I. NO. 7. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1894. PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE GRAND ASSEMBLY.

The Young Men's Catholic Union In Session.

Election of Grand Officers and Other Business.

Reports of the Grand President and Grand Secretary Show the Union is in a Progressive State.

The seventh grand assembly of the Young Men's Catholic Union was convened in Protection Hall, Shiels' Building, 32 O'Farrell street on Monday evening by Grand President P. N. Hanrahan, who occupied the Chair during the three nights' sessions.

Rollcall disclosed the presence of following grand officers: Edward Luby, Past Grand President; P. N. Hanrahan, Grand President; Dr. T. H. Morris Grand First Vice-President; A. H. Giannini, Grand Second Vice-President; S. Haskins, Grand Secretary; James English, Grand Treasurer; M. Rodgers, Grand Marshal; N. Fitzgerald, Dr. T. F. Brennan, J. J. Dunnigan and A. J. Bolger, Trustees.

Committees were appointed as follows: On Credentials—Frank J. Kane, Rev. J. F. Byrne and P. Molloy. On Appeals and Grievances—E. P. Luby, E. C. Harrison and P. E. McCarthy.

The Committee on Credentials reported the following delegates as entitled to seats in the Grand Assembly: Loyola, No. 1—L. J. Dwyer, E. C. Harrison, T. J. O'Brien, J. J. Powers, J. B. Vizzard.

St. Brendan's, No. 2—H. McLaughlin, P. McColgan, P. Haggerty.

St. Joseph's, No. 3—J. Flaherty, J. Gilhuly, P. H. McCarthy, W. Moran.

Leo, No. 4—P. Molloy, P. J. McCormick, P. E. McCarthy, J. J. Sheehan.

St. Patrick's No. 6—P. Clark, J. Coghlan, B. Hughes, F. J. Kenny.

Dolores, No. 7—F. J. Kane, D. A. Lawler, H. W. Salter.

De Sales, No. 10—Rev. J. F. Byrne, D. Cronin, D. Coyle.

Sts. Peter and Paul, No. 11—F. Marini, T. Chicizola, J. Campodonico.

The report of Grand Secretary Haskins showed that the receipts of the Grand Assnmbly from per capita tax and sales of supplies were $474.19 and the disbursements $214, leaving a balance in the hands of the Grand Treasurer of $260 19. The present membership of the Union is 746, divided in eight assemblies.

The report of Grand Treasurer English showed receipts from assessments during the year of $2,195 50. Of this amount, $1,872 50 has been paid out in death benefits.

The reports of Grand President Hanrahan and of the Board of Grand Trustees, reviewed the work accomplished during the year and contained many suggestions as to the course to be pursued to increase the membership, and awaken the interest of present members.

A large number of amendments to the constitution were proposed and acted upon. These mainly related to making more clear certain disputed paragraphs and sections. The most important amendment was that affecting delinquent members. Heretofore, a member was allowed to be not over nine months in arrears before being suspended. Hereafter only six months delinquency will be allowed. Members failing to pay up at the end of that time will be suspended from the Union.

It was decided to hold the next Grand Assembly in this city. A requiem mass will be celebrated each year for the repose of the souls of deceased members, the date and place for celebratlng the mass to be determined by the Board of Trustees.

One of the pleasant features of the session of Wednesday night, was the presentation of two badges to James J. Keating of Leo Assembly, No. 4 and Richard Roach of St. Patrick's Assembly, No. 5, for securing the largest number of new members during the year. The badges are of exquisite workmanship. From a bar depends a shield, bearing in enamel the letters, Y. M. C. U. On the face of the shield is the red cross of the order. On either side at the bottom is a cornucopia, one showing fruits and flowers and the other a mass of the precious metal. The reverse bears a suitable inscription. The presentation was made by the Grand President.

The election of grand officers for the ensuing year followed, and some lively buttonholing was done.

The result was announced as follows: Grand President, P. N. Hanrahan; First Grand Vice-President, A. H. Giannini; Second Grand Vice-President, Frank J. Kenny; Grand Secretary, S. Haskins; Grand Treasurer, James English; Grand Marshal, J. A. Brien; Grand Inside Sentinel, H. W. Salter; Grand Outside Sentinel, J. B. Vizzard; Grand Trustees, Rev. J. F. Byrne, Frank J. Kane, P. Molloy, H. McLaughlin and J. J. Donegan. These officers were later installed.

It was decided that all the Assemblies should participate in the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Joseph's Church at Alameda, tomorrow afternoon

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL,

One is Needed Badly on the Pacific Coast.

The Eastern Summer School at Plattsburg has been more successful this year than ever. Priests, secular and regular, together with lay people of both sexes, have delivered series of most instructive and interesting lectures. Archbishop Corrigan, under whose fostering care the work has grown from the beginning, gave new impetus to the movement by his presence and discourse. Above all the letter and blessing of the Holy Father, ever ardent for education, have sanctified the work. Already Jews and Christians of all denominations are warmly applauding what has been done.

The Summer School has proved so popular and advantageous that a second will the next season be established in the middle States of the Union. Our only regret is the misnomer, Western Summer School. We are the West, and wish to appropriate the name for what must necessarily come with the rapid progress of our educational resources. We, too, will need a summer school. The indefatigable Mrs. A. L. Toomy has, with the hearty approval of the Archbishop, planned a convention of the teaching sisterhoods of California. This is the beginning.

Bid Defiance to Them.

A branch of the American Protective Association was recently organized in Alameda, and early this week endeavored to show the contemptible spirit which actuates the members of that organization by defeating Miss Agnes Crowley, a Catholic young lady, for the nomination to a position in the school department. A number of the members of the lodge interviewed the members of the School Board and threatened them with all sorts of condign punishment if they should elect a Catholic to office.

Miss Crowley was educated in Alameda and graduated from the Normal School in San Jose. She is in every way qualified to teach, and is considered a most estimable young lady. The only objection urged against her was her religion.

The school trustees met on Tuesday night, and, like men of principle, refused to be bulldozed. Miss Crowley was elected, Trustees C. A. Brown, Jos. Lanktree and Dr. Knowles, a majority of the Board, voting for her. Two of these gentlemen besides are prominent members of the local Masonic Lodge.

The A. P. A. lodge is said to meet on Tuesday nights, and immediately after the action of the board was announced news was carried to the lodge. The Alameda Argus gives the names of those who sought to bulldoze the members of the board. They are F. W. Greeley, I. W. Thompson, Alexander Mackie and Edwin Bell.

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ENGLISH CATHOLICITY

But Ten Millions of the Faith Under the Queen.

Praying for the Conversion of the People.

Present Conditions Contrasted with Those which Existed a Hundred or More Years Ago.

A statement made by Cardinal Vaughan and now circulated in the American Catholic press may be supplemented by an account of the Church in England. Queen Victoria rules about one-fifth part of the population of the whole world. Yet in her dominions Catholics number but ten millions at the most generous estimate. The larger number of these are to be found in Ireland, Canada and Great Britain. England proper, according to the Ecclesiastical Directory, has but one million and a half of Catholics. These are spiritually governed by one Archbishop, 14 Bishops and 261 priests. The Catholic population is but one to nineteen. This does not look like the conversion of England, of which so much is said.

Let it be remembered that Catholics have been emancipated olny since 1829; and their hierarchical organization re-established since 1840. In the half century since, they have become as an army in battle array, well organized, well officered. They are imbued with a spirit of self-sacrifice, of piety and of labor in works of mercy. No less than thirty-two different orders and congregations of religious men and sixty-four of women are engaged in the work of saving souls. Clergy and laity have one absorbing thought, the return of their countrymen to the One Fold. To aid in this sacred work a systematic, solid course of catechism is taught as well in the elementary schools as in the colleges. To supplement this, while the instructions at the Sunday masses are mainly on morals, there are in almost all town churches every Sunday evening doctrinal sermons expository but not controversial. Armed with such knowledge, good and necessary as it is for those who are daily brought in contact with Protestants, the trust of Catholics for the return of their separated brethren is unceasing prayer. Individuals and confraternities and guilds plead to the Throne of Mercy day by day, either in private orisons or by the Holy Sacrifice, for His blessed gifts. Their country a year ago was solemnly dedicated and consecrated to the Blessed Virgin Mary and to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles. Eight years previously our Holy Father added fifty-four English martyrs since the so-called Reformation to the roll of the Beatified.

The Good Shepherd has deigned to hear the prayer of his suppliants. From the social and intellectual elite of Anglicanism a steady stream of converts has come. Cardinal Vaughan can with good reason say few are the families of note that do not remember some relation or connection in Holy Church. So far but a very limited number of converts have come from the Non-Conformists—that is, from Presbyterians, Methodists and lesser sects.

Contrast this with the condition of British Catholics in 1780.

The Protestant Chambers says: "As late as 1870, the law of England, which was not however rigidly enforced, made it felony in a foreign Roman Catholic priest, and high treason in one who was a native of the kingdom, to teach the doctrines or perform divine service according to the rites of his church. Catholics were debarred from acquiring land by purchase. Persons educated abroad in the Roman Catholic faith were declared incapable of succeeding to real property, and their estates were forfeited to the next Protestant heir. A son or other nearest relation being a Protestant was empowered to take possession of the estate of his Roman Catholic father or other kinsman during his life. A Roman Catholic was disqualified from undertaking the guardianship even of Roman Catholic children. Roman Catholics were excluded from the legal profession, and it was presumed that a Protestant lawyer who married a Roman Catholic had adopted the faith of his wife. It was a capital offense for a Roman Catholic to celebrate a marriage between a Protestant and Roman Catholic. Such was the state of the law not only in England but in Ireland, where the large majority of the population adhered to the Old Faith."

Till this day no Catholic may be Lord Chancellor of England nor Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, though Jew or infidel can hold either office. British Catholics owe to Ireland their legal enfranchisement from the yoke that galled them for three centuries. It was the first fruit of the iniquitous Act of Union. The Great Liberator, Dan O'Connell, who won Catholic Emancipation, fondly hoped that it would in turn repeal the Union. To the Sons of St. Patrick and to the priests and people of France exiled by the revolution of '93, is England indebted for many of the flourishing missions scattered through the length and breadth of the land

Conversions.

Rev. Messrs. Strickland and Johnson, who severed their connection with the Church of England at Fredericktown, N. B., a few weeks ago, were last Monday evening formally received into the Catholic Church at Montreal by Archbishop Fabre.

Says the Ave Maria: "A private letter from Buenos Ayres informs us that a nephew of Professor Huxley has been received into the Church by Rev. Father Constantine, C. P. The new convert had studied the works of his distinguished uncle; but the prayers and example of his believing wife disarmed his prejudices, led him to investigate the claims of the Church, and he was finally won over to the faith."

A man who had been slandering the Catholic Church in New England has seen the error of his ways, and, we are glad to say, has sought forgiveness. He is E. V. Lebreton. For some time he had been going around lecturing and retailing the usual lies about the Catholic Church. Mr. Lebreton has publicly retracted. He says, referring to the Catholic Church: "Her teachings are the only true ones, and I hereby retract such points I may have established, and highly proclaim that her belief is mine, and that monstrous calumnies are told against her ministers and representatives. The Catholic Church is not at war with this country, and such accusations are false and abusive."

Literate Criminals.

The Superintendent of Prisons in New York reports that of 3,304 convicts in the three penitentiaries of State, 52 are illiterate, 80 have a college education, 191 an academic education, and 2,623 a common public school education. This knocks the theory that education is a preventative of crime to smithereens. Our State school system of secularized schools is founded on the assumption of the truth of that silly theory. Is it not time for the American people to realize that they must reform their system of public education? If it were not for the fool bigotry of Protestant fanatics, the people of this country would soon rectify the evil that is bringing it to ruin.—Church Progress.

Young Ladies' Institute.

Institute No. 32 of San Jose had a public installation of officers last night.

Institute No. 2 is booming. Eight candidates were initiated a week ago Friday, and eight more were to have been initiated last night. The members have under consideration plans for an ice-cream social. One of the interesting features of the meetings is the reading of a paper called "Our Views," which deals with matters of interest to the members. It has a total circulation of one copy, but is very bright and interesting.

The per capita tax for the first half year will be delinquent on the 16th inst.

Grand Secretary Molloy and Grand Treasurer Fleming are arranging for a trip to Los Angeles and San Diego, with a view of organizing Institutes in those cities.

FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY.

The Holy Father's Appeal to All Princes and People.

Eastern Schismatics Invited Back to the Fold.

The Primacy of the Pontiff—Freemasonary Condemned—First Installment of the Latest Encyclical.

Extracts have already been given in these columns of the late encyclical of the Holy Father. This document is regarded as one of the most important yet issued by him, and we therefore commence the publication of it. It was received in the United States in the middle of July, and the following translation of the Latin text has been prepared by order of his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. The Cardinal has also very kindly given the following comment on it:

"It is not easy to do justice to all points of this very beautiful, suggestive and far-reaching apostolic message of the Holy Father without reading and re-reading, as all may do with profit and delight. The admiration inspired by the broad and noble Christianity which marks this supreme appeal of the venerable Pontiff to unity, charity and Christian peace can not but be mingled with amazement if we recall the advanced age of its august author and consider the clearness of style, the simplicity and force by which the message is distinguished. But it is the lofty thought so admirably expressed by Leo XIII in this encyclical that will most arrest the attention of the princes and people to whom it is addressed. Looking back upon the eventful past of his pontificate as from a height the Holy Father seems to embrace all races and all nations in his charity. His appeal to the Greek Catholics and the Protestants may meet with no immediate responses, but it will hardly fall upon deaf ears.

"CARDINAL GIBBONS."

The encyclical is as follows:

To the Princes and the People of the Universe:

Leo XIII, Pope, greeting and peace in the Lord.

The chief fruit of the striking public congratulations which have marked the past year of our episcopal jubilee, and which have found crowning expression in the signal piety of the Spaniards, has been (and it is a source of deep joy to our soul) to cause the unity of the Church and its admirable conjunction with the Supreme Pontiff to shine out amid the union of will and sentiment. One might have supposed during the period that, forgetting all else, the Catholic universe had only thoughts and eyes for the Vatican. By embassies of Princes, by crowded pilgrimage, by loving filial letters and by august ceremonies it was made manifest that when the Apostolic See had to be honored there was but one heart and one soul within the Church. And these manifestations were peculiarly grateful to us in that they concorded fully with our views and responded wholly to our efforts; for, guided by our knowledge of the times and by the consciousness of our duty, we have unceasingly proposed and unswervingly essayed in work and deed throughout the course of our pontificate to attach the nations to us more closely and to bring into relief the truth that the influence of the Roman Pontificate is in all ways salutary. Hence we render up our fervent thanks, first, to the Divine goodness, through which it has been vouchsafed to us to reach so advanced an age without real mishap; next to the princes, bishops, priests, the faithful generally, who by the many proofs of their piety and devotion have lavished marks of honor on our character and our dignity, and have thereby brought welcome comfort to our person.

Yet there was something lacking to complete our joy; even amid these popular demonstrations, these marks of delight and filial piety, a thought weighed heavily upon our spirit. We thought of the immense multitude who live outside the pale of these great Catholic movements, some utterly ignorant of the gospel; others initiated into Christianity, but at issue with our faith. And this thought caused, as it still causes, us deep pain. We could not but be plunged into affliction as we watched so large a portion of the human race go wandering from us by side paths; and since we hold the regency of God on earth, of that all-powerful God who would fain save all men and bring them to the truth; moreover, as our great age and our many bitternesses draw us nearer to what is the end and goal of all human life, we have been moved to follow the example of our Savior and Master Jesus Christ, who, when about to return to heaven, prayed unto God his Father ardently that his disciples and his sheep might be of one mind and one heart.

And as his prayer embraced not only those who then professed the faith of Jesus Christ, but all who during the ages might profess it, we consider it a just reason for proclaiming with assurance the wishes of our heart and using every means in our power to call together and entreat mankind, regardless of nations and races, to a union in the faith divine. Spurred on by charity, which runs more rapidly where the faith is needed most, our heart goes out first to the nations which have never seen the gospel light, to those who have not known how to protect it from their own heedlessness and the vicissitudes of time, to those unhappiest of nations which either know not God or live in profound error. Since all salvation is from Jesus Christ "there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby they may be saved." It is our most ardent wish that the most holy name of Jesus may be spread abroad and penetrate all lands with its beneficence. In this respect the Church has never failed in its divine mission. Where has she spent more efforts in the last twenty centuries, where has she been more zealous and constant than in the diffusion of truth and Christian institutions? In this, our day, we often see the heralds of the gospel cross the seas by our command and go to the uttermost parts of the earth, and every day we implore God, in His goodness, to multiply the holy ministers so worthy of their apostolic mission, so eager for the extension of Christ's kingdom, even though it cost them health and comfort, or it may be their lives. And through Christ Jesus, Savior and Father of Humanity, wilt Thou not hasten the fulfillment of Thy promise that when Thou wast exalted above earth Thou wouldst draw all unto Thee? Descend, O Lord, and show unto this multitude which knows not Thy beneficence the precious fruits of the divine blood Thou hast shed.

Awake those who sleep in darkness and in the shadow of death, so that enlightened by thy wisdom and thy virtue, in Thee and through Thee they may be perfected in unity. And now behold the thought of this mysterious unity calls up before our eyes all these nations which the divine goodness has transferred long since from the most ancient errors to the light of evangelic truth. What could be sweeter to the memory or make one more apt to render thanks to Providence than these ancient times when the divine faith was accounted a common heritage superior to all dissensions; when civilized nations whose genius, manners and climates were so different, were often at issue upon other grounds, but yet always in firm unity upon the grounds of faith. Cruel indeed is it to the soul to be brought face to face with an unhappy age in which distressing incidents served but too well by the suspicions and ferments of hatred, tore from the bosom of the Roman Church nations which were great and flourishing. However they may be, trusting in the grace and mercy of the all-powerful God, who alone knoweth when the times are ripe for His bounties, who also holdeth in His hands to bend as He pleaseth all human will, we turn toward these nations and in our fatherly charity we beg and implore them to wipe out all traces of dissension and return to unity. And first, we look affectionately toward the east, the cradle of salvation for the human race. Our ardent wish forbids us to hope that the time is not far distant when those Eastern Churches, so illustrious, through the faith of their ancestors, and their ancient glories, will return to their starting point. The dividing line between us, indeed, is but faith, nay, except on certain points we are in such complete harmony that often we are wont to quote authorities and arguments from the doctrines, customs and rites of the Eastern Churches in support of the Catholic faith.

The chief point of difference lies in the primacy of the Roman Pontiff. But if they will go back to our common origin and meditate on the sentiments of their ancestors, if they will inquire into the traditions of primitive Christianity, they will be able to convince themselves that it is to the Roman Pontiff that the words of Jesus Christ apply: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church." Of these Roman Pontiffs were Anacletus, Euaristus, Anicetus, Eleudthereus, Zomimus, Agathones, most of whom were privileged to consecrate with their blood a government stamped with wisdom and sanctity. For this matter, we know the period, the motive and the authors of the fatal discord. Before the day when man put asunder what God had united, the name of the Apostolic See was sacred to all the nations of the Christian universe, and neither East nor West had dreamed of denying the tribute of their obedience to the Roman Pontiff, in whom all recognize the legitimate successor of St. Peter, and, therefore, the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. If, too, we go back to the origin of the schism we shall see that Photius himself sent deputies to Rome to defend his cause, and that Pope Nicholas I, was able, without raising objections, to send the legates of Rome to Constantinople charged to "instruct the cause of the patriarch Ignatius to gather ample and sure information to refer everything to the Apostolic See." So that the very history of a question doomed to lead to a rupture with the See of Rome supplied Rome with a striking confirmation of her primacy. Lastly, no one is ignorant of the fact that in two great councils—the second Lyons council and Florence council—Latins and Greeks spontaneously and with one voice proclaimed the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff a dogma.

It is with intent that we have recurred to these events, for they bear within themselves an appeal to reconciliation and to peace. This all the more since it has seemed to us that we have noticed in the Easterns of our day more conciliatory tendencies toward Catholics and even a certain friendliness. These sentiments were revealed lately and notably when some of our faith were welcomed with kindness and every mark of cordial sympathy. Therefore our heart opens to you wherever you are, whether of the Greek rite or of any other Eastern rite, separated from the Catholic Church. We pray that you may meditate in your hearts the grave and tender words which Bessario addressed to your fathers. "How shall we answer God when He demands a reckoning of us for this rupture with our brethren—He who to unite us in one fold come down from Heaven, was made man and crucified, and what excuse shall we offer to posterity? O, do not let us suffer this, nor consent to a determination so fatal to us and ours." Consider well what we ask. Weigh it carefully before God, urged not by any human motive, but by divine charity and zeal for the common good. We ask of you to draw near and be united in a perfect union, and one without reserve, for none could be such which merely implied a certain community of dogmas, and an exchange of brotherly charity. The true union between Christians is that desired and instituted by Jesus Christ, which consists in the unity of guiding faith, nor is there anything that need make you fear in consequence of this return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University at Washington, will leave Rome for home on Monday. He has had audiences with the Pope and interviews with Cardinal Rampolla, and expresses himself as greatly pleased with his reception.

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SATURDAY - AUG. 11, 1894

Order of the Forty-Hours Devotion

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of August.

August 12—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

St. Vincent's, Mendocino.

St. Vincent's, Vallejo.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, Aug. 18

12—SUN.—Thirteenth after Pentecost—St. Clara, V.F. (Poor Clares, 1257).
13—MON.—St. John Berchmans (S.J., Patron of Altar Boys, 1621).
14—TUES.—Vigil—St. Eusebius, M. (298).
15—WED.—(of Precept) *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.*
16—THUR.—St. Hyacinth (O.P. 1257)—St. Roch (1327).
17—FRI.—Octave of St. Lawrence—St. Paul, M. (260).
18—SAT.—St. Agapitus, M. (Boy, 274)—St. Helen (Empress, 328).

"IT IS the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus as our food and Mary as our nursing mother.—Cardinal Newman.

BISHOP SPAULDING, an American of Americans, is to reply in the September number of the North American Review to the article by the President of the A. P. A., which appeared in the last month's issue of the same periodical.

ZEAL for the salvation of souls is a sure sign of the love of Jesus in our hearts. Increased zeal is proof that we are growing in Divine Charity. The extracts from the saintly encyclical on Christian Unity in our present issue is a fitting close to the untiring life of Leo XIII spent in the living temple of the Holy Ghost.

OUR brethren in Corea and in Japan and in China sorely need our prayers in the war now waged. Each of these lands has been watered by the blood of native and foreign Catholics. We ought specially to remember before the Throne of Mercy Monsignor Antonucci, who once labored and edified by his pious life the people of San Francisco. He has been and is now working in that part of the Lord's Vineyard in Central China.

OF the persecution of teachers employed in the public schools, the Christian Advocate says: "The daily papers have recently chronicled the fact that in some places teachers have been dismissed from the public schools solely because they belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. This is anti-Romanism run wild. A member of that church has the same right to teach in the public schools as a Methodist, or a member of any other Protestant communion. The writer would by no means deny that he would, other things being equal, prefer a Protestant teacher for his children to one who is a Roman Catholic; this may be prejudice, or it may be intelligent, and not ungenerous, devotion to principle. But the idea that any *Christian* should be denied the privilege of teaching in a public school because of his religious belief is to carry into our social and political affairs the very principles for which Protestants have for centuries opposed Catholics.

ON the three great failures in American life, Dr. Stoddard of St. John's Episcopal Church, Jersey City, says: "Our marriage and divorce system, the government of our great cities, and our Sunday schools. Perhaps it would be more correct to call the third failure our false method of education. Man consists of three parts—body, soul, and intellect. To cultivate one of these departments and neglect the others is no more real education than to develop one arm or one ear and let the corresponding member decay. The deficiency is usually on the religious side. The majority of unbelieving men are today mentally depraved. Hence the clamor against our modern school system, not only from the Roman Catholics, but from thinking Protestants as well. Our education is developing only a part of our manhood. We are taxed to support a system which we cannot believe in."

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

As was to be expected, the decision of Mgr. Satolli has created much commotion, and not least among Protestants who are earnestly laboring for the cause of temperance. Their journals have but a chorus of praise for the courageous action of Bishop Watterson and the Apostolic Delegate. Say they: "We hail with unfeigned delight the reinforcements which Mgr. Satolli thus brings the Prohibition army. In the battle for humanity we are all brothers—Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Agnostic, "infidel," and Jew. The enemy is a common foe. Our triumph—which is sure—will be a triumph for the best interests of all of us. Three cheers for the brave Bishop Watterson and the Apostolic Delegate who sustains him."

This will do more than anything else to convince non-Catholics that there is no connection between Rum and Romanism.

It now transpires that as far back as last spring the Council General of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul decided to formally prohibit in this country the admission of liquor dealers as members of the Society.

It is reported that at the meeting of the Grand Council of the Young Men's Institute which meets at Louisville the 24th of September next there will be legislation of a like nature.

SCRIPTURAL EVIDENCE FOR THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

The New York Independent says on the appeal of the Holy Father for Christian Unity; "Now what answer have Protestants to make to that? * * * To them it is nonsense to put the weight of all primacy and infallibility and vaticanism upon the verse, 'Thou art Peter.'"

Catholics believe in the primacy and infallibility on the authority and testimony of the Church. But they can adduce from reason and scripture irrefragable grounds for such belief.

The Independent labors under error. (1) "Thou art Peter," etc., creates the Pope the visible foundation stone of the true Church and Vicar of Christ. (2) "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have YOU that he may sift YOU as wheat. But I have prayed for THEE that THY faith fail not; and THOU being once converted confirm THY brethren," conferred on the Vicar of Christ the gift of infallibility. (3) To be the source of divine authority, the Bishop of Bishops, the Pastor of the whole flock, was granted when the Lord and Master twice repeated to Simon "Feed my lambs," and then "Feed my sheep." (4) The Acts of the Apostles is the inspired history of the Church in earliest days. In the first fifteen chapters, which refer to the Church generally and not as in the last thirteen to the work of one Apostle, give as prominent a place to Peter as the Gospels do to the Divine Master. This would naturally be expected of one who held the primacy.

FAIR-MINDED PROTESTANTS.

It is a pleasing duty to call attention to the fair-minded criticism of those who not bitter by rabid bigotry are one with ourselves in the exercise of common sense. In our last issue we gave the extraordinary decision of the Supreme Court of Alabama concerning the bequest of Masses for the dead. The Protestant Episcopal Living Church of Chicago says thereon: "No doubt this will give great satisfaction to those whose anti-Roman feeling prevents them from observing what is involved in such a decision. In the first place, it is plainly a declaration that the Christian belief that those who have departed this life are still among the 'living' is false; that, as a consequence, the Catholic belief that prayer may be profitably offered for those who are thus 'living' is ungrounded. It is, we imagine, an unprecedented thing for our courts to pronounce in this way upon the truth or falsity of matters of religious faith. Even the secular papers have drawn attention to the questionable character of this decision, and one of them has remarked that it would make it impossible to provide by will for the erection and preservation of a monument. Indeed, any bequest for the improvement or maintenance of a cemetery, or even the provision a man might make for his own funeral, would become nugatory under such a judgment as this, since in none of these cases is there any living beneficiary."

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

Branch 504 of Oakland had sixty-three members in good standing on June 30, 1894. Brother J. J. White, the recently appointed Postmaster of Oakland is President of this branch, and it is due in a great measure to the interest he takes in the order that Branch 504 is so flourishing. At its meeting July 12th, the following resolutions were passed in respect of Brother Henry Helbush, State Vice-President, lately deceased.

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe in His Infinite Wisdom to remove from our midst, our esteemed friend and Brother, Henry Helbush, our State Vice-President, who departed this life May 23, 1894, and,

Whereas, The intimate relations held with him in the faithful discharge of his duties as State Vice-President, makes it eminently befitting that we record our appreciation of him, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, his companions, Knights of Branch No. 504, C. K. of A., do sincerely deplore his loss, and extend to his family and friends in their sorrow and sad bereavement, our true and heartfelt sympathy.

T. J. SHEEHAN,
C. O'KANE,
JAS. DALY,
Committee.

Recording Secretaries who have not forwarded their reports for the term ending June 30, 1894, are requested to do so immediately in order that the State Secretary may be able to complete his data for that period.

The next State Convention will be held at Sacramento in November. It is to be hoped that every Branch in the State will be represented, and that some means be devised for increasing our membership in this State.

Branch No. 422 of Sacramento will no doubt provide suitable entertainments for the visiting brothers during their sojourn in the Capital City.

Brother M. J. Quinlan was at San Jose last Sunday visiting his daughter, who is in the Convent there.

Brother Crowley is still working on the Uniformed Rank, and hopes to have everything in full working order in a few weeks.

Catholic Ladies' Aid Society.

For some time past it has been the desire of the board of directors to further extend the charitable work of the society. The ladies have had in view the establishment of a home where young women coming from the country could find a pleasant home at low rates, where they could remain until situations were obtained. It is also hoped to extend its work to caring for city girls whose surroundings are not of the best. With the objecting of furthering the plans, an open meeting of all the city branches will be held in Alcazar Hall on the evening of the 23rd inst.

His Grace Archbishop Riordan is greatly interested in the matter, and will lend all the assistance in his power. If he returns in time he will be asked to address the meeting. In the event of his absence Father Yorke will be called upon. Grand President Mrs. Deane will also make an address, and a program of musical and literary numbers will follow. There will be no charge for admission.

Subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. $1.50 per year.

SELECTIONS

CHEMICALS IN LAUNDRY WORK.

The Analytical Chemist and His Many Ruined Garments.

Probably every person who has clothing "done up" at the laundries, public and private, has at one time or another—probably frequently—had some article come home in tatters, eaten up by some corrosive material used by the laundry people to save labor. If you make complaint, you are told with much show of indignation that "no chemicals, nothing but pure soap and water," are used in that laundry. You know on such occasions that the party is lying, but you have no recourse except to change laundries, and this is usually swapping the devil for a witch. In fact, you feel that you have been "done up" quite as effectively as your clothing.

It is comforting to know that at last chemical ingenuity has shown itself equal to the task of proving the use of corrosives in the laundry, and that at least one laundry concern has come to grief. The hero of the affair was M. A. Schlumberger, who, for all his Teutonic name, is a Frenchman, residing in Paris. He was recently consulted by a party who had been imposed on by his laundryman until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Brand new tablecloths, napkins, shirts, etc., would go to the laundry whole and return in tatters.

On looking at the articles the chemist thought that they had been submitted to the action of javel water. He therefore made a weak solution of methylene blue and placed one of the corroded articles in it. In a moment all around the burned spots the blue color fixed itself in the most intense manner, while the other parts were colored weakly. This was proof positive that his suspicions were correct, and the courts subsequently justified him by making the laundryman settle for the articles destroyed.

The next case was a little harder. The articles sent to the laundry were entirely new, but on being returned were found to be eaten in spots. The test first named would not work in this case, and since there was no evidence of chlorine the chemist concluded that an acid had been used. After trying two or three reagents he had recourse to a weak solution of brasilein ^{1}(C16 H12 O5). He scattered a few drops of this around the burned or eroded spots and had the pleasure of seeing the rose color changed to yellow, showing that an acid had been used. Subsequently it was shown that the clothing, having been thrown carelessly into some receptacle, had become spotted with iron rust, and this latter had been removed by oxalic acid. The acid had been carelessly used and had eaten out the fabric wherever it was applied.

In the absence of any statute specifically bearing upon the subject, and in the presence of the fact that the use by the laundries of javel water, liquor calcis chlorinatæ and other like preparations, oxalic acid, etc., is almost universal, and that the laundries, without exception, disclaim the use of these corrosive and mischievous preparations, it would seem that the offenders might be reached under the statute punishing the obtention of money under false pretenses or made to pay for goods thus destroyed under those regulating the mischievous and careless destruction of property. With the chemical means of providing the offense at hand, a conviction ought to follow. The editor of The National Druggist of St. Louis will give his services as chemical expert free to the first party who will undertake a prosecution. —National Druggist.

Temperature and Brain Work.

The influence of the weather on the brain is a subject which awaits investigation and will repay it. Most people feel the influence of dull days, east winds and extreme cold on their spirits and energies, mental or physical. An arctic cold and a tropical heat are unfavorable to literary composition, for example, and we speak of the cold "freezing our wits," an expression which is not altogether figurative, but rests on a common experience. Goethe found that his capacity for mental work depended on the height of the barometer, and other instances of meteorological influence on the mind could be collected from the writings of celebrated men. Suicide occurs most frequently in summer, perhaps owing to heat and exhaustion, and not, as might be supposed, in winter.—London Globe.

The Discovery of Glass.

There is little or nothing known with certainty in regard to the invention or discovery of glass. Some of the oldest specimens are Egyptian, and the age of certain glass vessels made by that people which are now kept in the British museum is believed to be at least 4,194 years, dating back to the year 2300 B. C. Transparent glass was first used about 750 B. C., the credit of this latter discovery being given to the Phœnicians. The old story of its accidental discovery is familiar. Merchants who were resting their cooking pots on blocks of subcarbonate of soda found glass produced by the union, under heat, of the alkali and the sands of the desert.—St. Louis Republic.

Injun Too Big For His Cell.

There is trouble on the Umatilla Indian reservation because the cells in the callaboose are too small. The other day Swichlick, one of the tallest of the government wards on the reservation, was arrested, and he could not enter the door of the guardhouse erect and in the morning was found curled up like a spiral spring because the cell was not long enough for him to lie straight in. The Indian is 7 feet tall, and the Indian police think the government should build a new jail there.—Portland Oregonian.

BIG SPRING OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

A Peculiar and Beautiful Curiosity in the Wilds of Michigan.

Kitchi-ta-Kipi, the big spring of the Chippewas, is really one of the wonders of Michigan, if not of the entire northern country. Kitchi-ta-Kipi is nearly circular in form and nearly 200 feet in diameter. It is 65 feet deep—a great bowl of water—clear as air and green as emerald. When the sun shines and the wind does not ripple the surface of the water, at least six distinct shades of green, varying from the lightest to the darkest, are to be seen. It is asserted that under favorable conditions all the prismatic rays are reflected.

The water is so clear that a penny or a dime or even a pin may be watched in its flight to the bottom, and once there a peculiar property of magnifying possessed by the spring makes the article look several times its real size. The grains of sand can be plainly seen at the bottom, and the places where the water boils in at the bottom look like so many small craters. There are dozens of places where the water bursts in, and they vary in size from the diameter of a dollar to three feet. In former days many dollars' worth of silver coins were thrown upon the altar of the spirit of the spring, but in these times visitors are obliged to be content with throwing pieces of tin into the great depths. Gnarled trunks of cedars project into the spring. These are draped with mosses in the most fantastic manner, all in the brightest green.

Many interesting legends are told of Kitchi-ta-Kipi. One is that there were two brave suitors for the hand of a beautiful Indian princess in a tribe located many miles from the spring. At last the dusky maiden declared her preference, and the rejected suitor, being wild with rage, planned to be revenged. When a boy, he had learned many of the mysteries of the medicine man, and so he dug a root and brewed a medicine that would produce a slow decline and death. This he succeeded in getting an attendant of the princess to give to her. The luster of her cheeks died away, they became hollow, and her voice, once clear and sweet, became husky. She lost courage and courted death, and her lover became frantic. One night when he was tossing in sorrow in his wigwam the spirit of Kitchi-ta-Kipi appeared to him.

"Take your loved one," it said, "and fly by night to yon mountain. As a firefly I will be your guide. Follow me. To the great bowl of the healing waters we will go."

The young brave did as he was directed, and the story of the flight is told in poetical language. Over hill and hollow, through swamps and across and down streams they went until their journey was ended. The princess drank of the healing waters and was cured. Finally their trail was found, and they were followed by the rival, but he was trapped. The successful suitor caught him leaning over the spring to take a drink and pushed him in. The sides are as steep as a wall, and being kept from swimming ashore the prisoner finally sank, his face green with rage. The Indians have always believed that it is the reflection of the drowned Indian's face that makes the spring so green.

Another legend is told which recites the drowning of a great green eagle in the spring, and it is said that if one has a good imagination he can see the outlines of the big bird lying with outstretched wings to this day. —Chicago Record.

Ashantee Sacrifices.

"The most savage and horrible of all the barbarous customs of the Ashantees in Africa," said Professor W. G. Steadman of Washington, "is that of celebrating the death of a king or great noble by a sacrifice of other lives. Indeed almost all of their anniversary rites are attended by a holocaust of human beings. They believe that when a king or a noble dies he must have wives and slaves in the next world, just as he had in this, and in order that these may not be wanting the simple expedient is resorted to of killing his wives and slaves and sending them after him. Rude and bloody ceremonies mark the practice of this custom, which are continued for about a week. Strange to say, numerous volunteers are always found who are not only ready but anxious to be offered up in honor of a dead king."

A Talented Listener.

Maurice was a good listener, a good talker, I should not say a good conversationist, but a sublime monologist. He was patient, too, of other monologists. "I remember," he said to me once, "I was asked to meet Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James was good enough to say he had long wished to converse with me. From the moment we came into each other's presence Sir James talked incessantly. He talked all the afternoon, very charmingly no doubt, but I had not once the opportunity of saying a word. "When we parted," said Maurice, with a gentle but humorous smile, "Sir James expressed himself delighted with my conversation and in full agreement with all my sentiments. He said he had never spent a more delightful afternoon."—Contemporary Review.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION.

A Description of the Event as Seen by the Famous Dean Stanley.

The following concerning Dean Stanley's view of the coronation of Queen Victoria is taken from a recently published life of that remarkable man:

At 10:30 another gun announced that she was at the abbey door, and in about a quarter of an hour the procession appeared from under the organ, advancing up the purple approach to the chancel, every one leaning over, and in they came. First the great dukes, struggling with their enormous trains, then bishops, etc., and then the queen, with her vast crimson train outspread by eight ladies, all in white, followed by the great ladies of her court in enormous crimson trains and the smaller ladies with delicate sky blue trains trailing along the dark floor. When she came within the full view of the gorgeous abbey she paused as if for breath and clasped her hands. The orchestra broke out into the most tremendous crash of music I ever heard. "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.'"

Every one literally gasped for breath from the intense interest, and the rails of the gallery visibly trembled in one's hands from the trembling of the spectators. I never saw anything like it. Tears would have been a relief. One felt that the queen must sink into the earth under the tremendous awe. But at last she moved on to her place by the altar, and, as I heard from my cousin who had a place close by, threw herself on her knees, buried her face in her hands and evidently prayed fervently. For the first part the silence was so great that at my extreme point I could hear quite distinctly the tremulous but articulate voice of the archbishop. Afterward it was quite inaudible. The great drawbacks were the feeble responses to the service and the feebleness of the acclamation—hardly any at all at the recognition and only tolerable at the coronation. That was the crisis of the ceremony and the most striking part. The very moment the crown touched her head the guns went off, the trumpets began and the shouts. She was perfectly immovable, like a statue. The Duchess of Kent burst into tears, and her lady had to put on her coronet for her. The anointing was very beautiful from the cloth of gold. The homage also from the magnificent cluster in the very center.

It was a take off, though a necessary one, I suppose, that throughout her face was turned away from the spectators toward the altar. All the movements were beautiful. She was always accompanied by her eight ladies floating about her like a silvery cloud. It was over at 3:30—that is, she went out then with her crown, her orb and her scepter. I walked home. The rest had to wait till 8 for their carriage, which was forced back by the length of the line to Kennington common. The crowd in the streets to see the return of the procession was stupendous. It was all more like a dream than reality—more beautiful than I could have conceived possible. I should wish almost never to see her again; that, as this was the first image I had ever had of her, so it should be the last.

AFTER DINNER ORATORS.

Most Englishmen Are Failures as Such, but Coleridge Was a Shining Exception.

Lord Coleridge had a record as the best English after dinner speaker who ever came to America. As a rule, the Englishman does not shine postprandially in comparison with the average American of the same grade in law, politics, literature, the drama or journalism. Most of them, in fact, are dire failures. Coleridge and Irving are the shining exceptions. Sergeant Ballantyne, who came with a great flourish of trumpets and was received with much cordiality by his professional brethren, was the worst that we ever had to endure. Martin Farquhar Tupper was insufferably dull. Toole, the comedian, who was considered funny on the other side, was lugubrious here. It took several seasons to break in Wilson Barrett. Lord Aberdeen is genial, but prosy.

Dickens was the best man who preceded Coleridge, but to the present generation of diners he is only a tradition and does not count. Sir Richard Webster, I fancy, would have shown himself a good second to Lord Coleridge, but his visit here was short, and very few had the pleasure of hearing him. I had that pleasure here as well as in England, and he certainly has a remarkable facility of expression, combined with a fine vocabulary, a keen sense of humor and a thorough knowledge of human nature. Coleridge, however, I repeat, took the palm and has worn it in the memory of friends whom he met here to this day.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Utility of a Head.

The master of one of our village schools was examining some boys on a piece of poetry which he had given them to prepare the night before. They all said it excellently except a small boy at the bottom of the class.

On being asked to say his lesson, he said, "I can't remember it, sir."

Master (in rage)—Why, what's your head for?

Boy—To keep my collar on, sir.—London Answers.

Attractive Advertising.

Customer—I see you advertise bicycles from 10 cents to $100.

Dealer—Yes, sir.

"What kind of bicycles do you sell for 10 cents?"

"Candy one."—New York Weekly.

The reading of romances is forbidden by the Koran; hence popular tales are never put in writing among Mohammedans, but are passed from one story teller to another.

Australian provincial officials keep poisoned grain in their offices for the benefit of farmers who wish to destroy small birds.

WE WERE PLAYMATES.

Come, sit beside my fire with me!
A quarter of a century
Has passed since we together sat,
Dear lips say, on the chimney mat
And watched the evening fire until
The sandman came our eyes to fill.
A quarter of a century—
How much this means to you and me!
To those whose love still helps us bear
Our daily burden, daily care,
But for whose words we might not know
That we were playmates long ago!

Come, sit beside the fire with me!
And let us fancy it to be
The self-same fire that filled our eyes
With childish wonder and surprise
And watch it till we seem to hear
The same old sandman drawing near!
Forget this evening—for we can—
The sober woman, serious man.
Revive, in all their simple joy,
The laughing girl and careless boy,
That we may feel what others know—
That we were playmates long ago!
—Ralph H. Shaw in Good Housekeeping.

THOSE STRIPED STOCKINGS.

A Lewiston Man Tells a Good Story of the Indian Territory.

The returned Lewistonian fell to talking over a revolver that he carried in the arrest of a desperado in New Mexico, and then he diverged and told this story:

"Once when we were going down in the Indian Territory as we rode out of the village we passed the house where a New Brunswick girl had just come to live in the little prairie village. There had been considerable joking about the new arrival, and as we passed she came out to hang up her washing on the line. I rode a little red pony—one that I had swapped a shotgun for—and when I saw the New Brunswick girl hang up a pair of the longest, biggest striped stockings I had ever seen I rode right up into the yard and under the clothesline and seized those stockings and pulled 'em off the line and rode away.

"All that trip down across the hot plains and over the rustling buffalo grass the boys plagued me about those stockings. I had put them into my trunk and kept them. I don't know what I took them for or why I kept them.

"Well we got down into the territory and among the Indians. They are great gamblers, you know, and we bet with them everything we had. We raced and won from them all the money and blankets they possessed.

"The blankets were United States army blankets, but we can use them by cutting out the 'U. S.' At last we came down to foot runners, and the Indians brought out their man. He was tall, broad chested and long limbed. He could go like the wind, and our best runner was nothing compared with him. Why, he was the best physical man I ever saw. He looked at our man, and his thick lip curled in derision.

"'He no good—get a man!'

"The savage was stripped to his skin. I looked at our man.

"'Jake,' I said, 'you wait a minute. Then I went and got those stockings. When I brought them out, they created the biggest kind of a sensation, and the curiosity to touch them was something comical.

"They just wanted to put their hands on them to see what they were.

"I did not let them satisfy their curiosity, but carried them through the crowd as if they were only relics.

"'Jake, put those on and run with them,' I said.

"'Why, I can't run with those on,' he said.

"'Yes, you can. Don't you see that they are mystified?'

"He put them on, and though he was a large man they came clear to his hips. We pinned them up, and he started with the big Indian. It was plain by the faces of the greasers that they had lost all faith in their man as against the striped stockings. The Indian ran a little distance and then fell behind, with his eyes fixed in terror on those flying stockings. He was beaten. And do you know I sold those stockings to the Indian for five ponies and a rifle?"—Lewiston Journal.

A Little "Ad." at the Picnic.

Enterprise in advertising has almost become a fine art in the present day. Novelties are not only numerous, but frequently unique. A Birmingham chemist recently, with his family, attended a picnic, and after the knife and fork tea, which formed part of the programme, he distributed among the company a number of sweetmeats, all of which bore an advertisement referring to his specialties, and later during the concert which followed his daughter sang a song the words of which set forth the advantages which could be derived from the use of certain pills, the frequent application of a well known plaster or daily doses of some one's tonic. Such enterprise, if somewhat "shoppy," certainly merits reward for its ingenuity.—Birmingham Mail.

No Use Telling Him Anything.

The man with the red whiskers looked defiant.

"No, sir," he declared, "I won't believe anything I can't see for myself."

The pale party pondered.

"Very well," he said after a moment. "I was going to tell you your necktie's up behind, but I guess I won't mind if you feel that way."—Detroit Tribune.

Easily Remedied.

Bank Clerk—This check, madam, isn't filled in.

Madam—Isn't what?

Bank Clerk—It has your husband's name signed to it, but does not state how much money you want.

Madam—Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.—Boston Home Journal.

The glass blowers of ancient Thebes are known to have been equally as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day after a lapse of 40 centuries of so called "progress."

Should the captain of a Chinese vessel refuse to strike sail in the event of an approaching storm at the request of passengers, he is liable to receive 40 blows of a bamboo.

SUMMARY OF A WEEK.

Laying of the Corner Stone at Alameda.

A Fair to Be Held at Halfmoon Bay.

Lecture at Holy Cross Church—Changes at Santa Clara—Father Connolly in Mendocino County—Etc.

Wednesday will be the feast of the Assumption, and Masses will be celebrated in all the Churches at the usual hours. Matters of interest will be found in the following columns.

St. Patricks.

On last Monday evening the members of the Young Men's Society held their usual monthly meeting. In point of numbers and enthusiasm it was the most successful meeting which the society has yet held. Some new members were enrolled and the old ones pledged unswerving loyalty to the principles which called the society into existence. After the necessary business was transacted, a very interesting and appropriate program was presented to those present, and the excellent manner in which it was rendered reflects great credit on those who took part. For the success of this social feature of the meeting the society is much indebted to Messrs. M. Corridan, J. Kirby, E. Lacey and J. Burns.

The officers elected for the coming term entered on that evening for the first time upon their duties, and certainly they could not enter under more auspicious circumstances. The new officers are: Wm T. Flynn, President; M. J. Heavey, First Vice-President; J. M. Kirby, Second Vice-President; Eugene F. Lacey, Recording Secretary; Frank J. Sullivan, Financial Secretary; J. Coffey, Marshal. Board of Directors: Thomas Doran, Joseph Burns, Wm. Breslin, John Loney and Frank Curran. Committee on Good of the Order: J. P. Hayes, M. Corridan, J. F. O'Brien, E. Lacey and Oliver Winnerstrand. Introductory Committee: J. Coffey, M. Heavey and F. J. Sullivan.

Tomorrow, Sunday, will be Communion Sunday, and all the members are expected to receive Holy Communion in a body at the 8 o'clock mass.

The Children of Mary will receive Holy Communion tomorrow at the 8 o'clock mass. The regular monthly meeting will be held at St. Vincent's School in the afternoon.

Co. C of the League of the Cross is preparing for a grand entertainment to be given at Metropolitan Temple on the evening of August 29. The proceeds will go towards purchasing uniforms.

The enrollment at St. Vincent's School on Mission street and at the Boys' school on Everett street exceeds that of any previous year. The Sisters of Charity, who have charge of both schools, are well pleased at the recognition given by parents of their labors in the cause of Catholic education.

Alameda.

The arrangements for the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Joseph's Church tomorrow afternoon are all complete, and the people of that city will witness one of the greatest demonstrations ever seen there. The procession will be formed at the corner of Santa Clara avenue and Chestnut street at 2:30 o'clock. California Council, No. 24, Y. M. I. will have charge of the procession. Invitations have been sent to the various Catholic societies of Oakland and vicinity, and each one has promised to send a large delegation.

St. Mary's College, of which Father Sullivan is a graduate, will send a battalion of cadets. The Fifth Infantry band will head the procession. Sodalities from the Oakland churches will also participate, while the parishioners of Alameda promise to turn at en masse. Very Rev. J. Prendergast, V. G., will officiate at the laying of the corner stone, and will be assisted by a large number of the clergy of Oakland, San Francisco and surrounding towns.

The address by Father Prendergast will be delivered from the western end of the building, the raised portion, which will contain the sanctuary, affording a splendid platform. A temporary floor has been laid on the foundations, and several thousand people can find accommodations on it.

A double male quartette under the leadership of Walter W. Goggins will render a number of selections, among which will be Mendelsohn's "Veni Creator," and the "Te Deum," arranged from a German melody. The ceremonies will commence promptly at 3 o'clock.

St. Ignatius.

Rev. B. Calzia, S. J., who has been pastor at Santa Clara during the past year, has been transferred to St. Ignatius College, where he will take Father Testa's place as Treasurer. Before leaving Santa Clara, Father Calzia presented each of the young ladies of the choir of St. Clare's Church with a handsome set of rosary beads.

Father Testa left for Santa Clara on Thursday.

The higher departments of the college opened on Monday, with an attendance that exceeded the anticipations of the faculty. In consequence, new desks have been added in many of the rooms, and still applications for admission are pending. The popularity of the college increases year by year.

The attendance at the solemn high mass celebrated on Sunday in honor of the feast of St. Ignatius reached fully 3000. Every pew was occupied and hundreds crowded the aisles. The main altar was decorated with flowers and hundreds of lighted tapers, and fresh decorations were upon all the side altars. Rev. Father Testa, S.J., was the celebrant of the mass; Rev. A. Jacquet, S. J., deacon; Rev. Joseph Hickey, S. J., sub-deacon, and Rev. P. G. Butler, S.J., master of ceremonies. Forty acolytes, dressed in crimson cassocks and lace surplices, were on the altar.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Henry Woods, S. J., and dwelt upon the life and times of St. Ignatius Loyala, and the lessons that might be learned therefrom. The music was rendered a choir of eighty male voices, reinforced by an orchestra of fifty pieces. Fanconier's Mass was sung. In the evening solemn high vesvers and benediction were sung, and the same choir and orchestra were again heard.

Holy Cross.

The lecture by Mrs. Alice T. Toomy president of the Catholic Women's National League of America, delivered at the chapel attracted an audience of several hundred people last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Toomy's theme was "Home and Its Needs," and was a plain explanation of what the wife and mother ought to do to make home agreeable. Mrs. Toomy dwelt upon all the phases of the question, making many apt allusions which met with the favor of her audience as was evidenced by frequent bursts of applause. Every reference to Father McGinty and his interest in the work of his parish met with prompt recognition.

Miss Alice Toomy, daughter of the previous speaker, handled the question of temperance in a short address, which was mainly a plea for the ladies present to interest themselves in the work, and by gradual steps overcome the evil influences of liquor. Steps will be taken as the result of the lectures to form reading circles, and organize the ladies of the parish into temperance societies.

As announced exclusively in last week's CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, Right Reverend Bishop Montgomery will deliver a lecture for the benefit of the building fund of the new church. October 9th has been selected as the date, and Metropolitan Temple as the place. "Religion and Politics" will be the subject of the lecture. A musical and literary program will comprise the remaining features of the evening's entertainment.

Santa Clara.

Rev. Joseph Lydon, S. J., the newly appointed professor of first grammar, was recalled to St. Ignatius College, where he will be professor of poetry and higher mathematics. Rev. Walter Thornton, S. J., will teach first grammar at Santa Clara College.

David Burnett, S. B., of St. Ignatius College, will teach geometry and and third grammer in the commercial course.

The Sodality Philharmonic Society held its annual bivouac in the shady nooks of the Fathers' Villa at Cupertino creek on Monday.

The first nine of the Sodality Athletic Association demolished the Coyote Club on the Sodality campus Sunday afternoon. Score, 15 to 4. Batteries, Goodrich and Goodenough; Quiat and Pereira. The playing of the Sodality club entitles them to rank among the crack teams of the county.

The Sodality Debating Society resumed its meetings on Wednesday night.

Professor J. Fernandez is going to add a class in ornamental penmanship to his regular course in the college.

At a meeting of the Sodality Debating Society held last Wednesday evening the following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. J. Cunningham, S. J.; Vice-President, Jos. Berretta; Secretary, Jos. A. Farry; Treasurer, M. Draghicevich; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. O. Menton, Librarian, Edw. Shelly.

The college opened Wednesday with seventy-five boys in attendance; it is expected that the number will reach 140 by next week; there are also about fifty day scholars.

Halfmoon Bay.

The Catholic ladies of this parish at a meeting held last Sunday, determined to hold a fair commencing on October 4th and continuing till the evening of the 6th. The receipts will be utilized in making many needed improvements and repairs to the church. As there has been no fair for two years, the ladies will redouble their exertions. Each evening a grand musical and literary program will be rendered by home talent.

The following are the names of the different ladies in charge of the tables:

Fancy table No. 1—Miss Theresa Debenedetti assisted by the Misses Josie and Angelina Debenedetti, Misses Susie and Katie Burke, Miss Kate McMale and Miss Minnie Montalvaldo.

Fancy table No. 2—Miss Mary Bradley assisted by Misses Kate, Annie and Theresa Gargan, Kittie Ryan, Annie O'Brien, Mary and Annie McGovern.

Refreshment table—Mrs. M. Seymour assisted by Mrs. Shoults, Mrs. John Mullen, Mrs. McMale, Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. McGovern and Mrs. McCarthy.

Soda Fountain—Mrs. J. Moran.

Ice Cream—Mrs. James Woods and Mrs. Nash.

Candy Stand—Miss Nellie McMahon.

Fish Pond—Miss Lizzie Martyn.

Shooting Gallery—G. W. Hall and G. F. Gilcrest.

Post Office—Miss Maggie McGovern.

Wheel of Fortune—Messrs. Joseph and Thomas Quinlan.

Many articles have been donated to the fair; among some of the things are one fine buggy mare, two twenty dollar gold pieces and a handsome fruit cake.

St. Paul's.

The Rev. M. D. Connolly, pastor of St. Paul's Church, is now in Mendocino county, where he will remain for several weeks. During his stay he will hold Catholic services at all the stations along the coast, from the Humboldt county line to Point Arena, and will visit the Catholic families living in the redwood region. On Sunday he will celebrate mass and preach at Mendocino City at 8 o'clock and at Greenwood at 11 o'clock. Rev. J. Ferguson is the regular pastor of this district, which is the most extensive parish in the archdiocese. Father Ferguson is now officiating at St. Paul's.

St. Dominic's.

There was a large attendance at the solemn high mass celebrated on Sunday in honor of the feast of St. St. Dominic. An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Pius Murphy, O. P. The music, under the direction of Miss Desmond, the organist, was superbly rendered, a string quartette adding greatly to the effect.

The members of the Young Men's Holy Names Society have caught the baseball fever, and will tomorrow cross bats with the young men of Holy Cross parish. Game will be called at the Haight street grounds at 10 o'clock.

Merced.

Rev. Father McNamara has purchased for the use of the church sixteen lots in the western part of town. The land will be used on which to build a parochial school in the near future. Quite a fund is already on hand which can be used for that purpose. It is understood that the lots already owned by the church, located on 21st street, between Canal street and Huffman avenue, will be offered for sale.

St. Joseph's.

All the Sodalities attached to this church have been notified to assemble tomorrow morning after 9 o'clok. Father Scanlan has notified them that he desires to have a "business talk" with them.

Mrs. C. Laumeister has donated two handsome stained glass windows to the church in the name of her children.

Los Angeles.

Sister Josephine, Mother Superior of the Orphan Asylum at Boyle Heights, who has been absent at the East for over a month past attending a conference of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md., returned home last week.

Santa Rosa.

Rev. Father Cassin recently donated a large number of books to the free library at Santa Rosa. His is an excellent method of bringing Catholic literature into the hands of readers.

Woodland.

The ladies in charge of the coming fair report a very encouraging sale of tickets.

Some miscreant recently entered the church and robbed the poor-box. It is not known how much money was stolen.

Here and There.

Rev. Father Coleman of Marysville, who has been on a well earned vacation for several weeks, has returned home.

Rev. Father Garriga of Fresno was recently bitten by a spider, and for several days was compelled to carry his arm in a sling. For a number of days the arm pained him greatly, but he is now recovering.

St. Vincent's Church of Petaluma will this year omit the annual fair and festival usually held during fair week.

Rev. Father Phillips of Berkeley contemplates organizing a League the Sacred Heart on the fourth Sunday of this month, provided he can secure the services of Rev. Father Finnigan, the Jesuit missionary.

Tomorrow (Sunday) Right Rev. Bishop Manogue will be in Mariposa and will administer the sacrament of confirmation. His Lordship will be accompanied by Father Guerin.

For the first time since it was opened, the Forty Hours Devotion was celebrated on Sunday and subsequent days at the new chapel of the Sisters of the Holy Family at Hayes and Fillmore streets. In honor of the event the chapel was profusely decorated, and at all times a large number of devout worshipers were present.

Rev. Father Moeller, S.J., will conduct a mission in Menlo Park during the present month.

Archbishop J. B. Saltpointe and Bishop P. Bourgade, who have been spending a portion of the heated term at Los Angeles and Sata Monica, have returned home to Santa Fe, stopping en route at points in northern Arizona.

An entertainment took place at Sausalito last night for the purpose of raising money for the payment of the insurance premium on St. Mary Magdalene's Church.

Sacramento Institute, conducted by the Christian Brothers, reopened on Monday.

Sacred Heart College.

A new commercial and banking class was opened on Monday for the accommodation of the overflow of students in this department. Brother Anthony, who has charge of the class, spent his vacation in a number of the banks and counting-rooms of some of the large houses of this city in order to acquire the latest ideas in bookkeeping. The typewriting and shorthand department has been removed to another room, and the entire classroom of the first commercial class is now devoted to practical business features.

LINES BY POPE LEO XIII ON HIS OWN DEATH.

The setting sun, at this thy close of day,
On thee, O Leo, sheds its parting ray.
Within thy withered veins, thy wasted frame,
Slow, slow burns downward life's expiring flame.
Death's arrow flies, the funeral veil unfolds,
The cold remains, the grave her conquest holds.
But swift the parting soul, her fetters riven,
Spreads her free wings and seeks her native heaven.
The long and toilsome road has reached its end—
Thy Holy Will, my Savior, I attend;
And, if so great a grace Thou canst accord,
Receive my spirit in Thy kingdom, Lord!

The Vatican, January 27, 1894.

—Translation by H. H. Hamilton King in the Churchman.

P. O. CHILSTROM.

NOMINEE OF THE PEOPLES' PARTY FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE.

Among the most important positions to be filled at the coming election, that of Superior Judge is second to none. A good set of nominees for this position adds strength to any ticket, and it was for this reason, that the Populist convention selected the best material that was offered. The nominees are men of standing in the community, and therefore fulfill all requirements.

Among these candidates is P. O.

Chilstrom, who has made a record as a man of upright character and of superior legal attainments in this and in other States. He was born in Sweden, but was brought to this country when two years of age by his parents, who settled in Minnesota in 1853. He passed his boyhood days on a farm and attended a district school. He then attended the college at Minneapolis, and later studied law with Hon. Eugene M. Wilson of Minneapolis. He was admitted to the bar in 1876, and has been in the active practice of law eighteen years. During this time he has been engaged in banking and in mercantile pursuits, being President of the Bank of Mandan, North Dakota. In 1883 he was in Portland for a while, but soon came to this city as the law partner of J. T. Rogers. Last September this partnership was dissolved, since which time Mr. Chilstrom has had his office in the Columbian building. He has always been a Democrat until two years ago, when he joined the People's Party movement, and is now one of its most active and influential supporters in this city. He is a firm believer in the ultimate success of the new party, and believes that the principles on which it is founded will soon be generally accepted, as true, and compose the platform on which the middle classes of our citizens must stand for their safety and prosperity. If the Populist ticket now being nominated contains men all the equal of Mr. Chilstrom in reputation and ability it will be a ticket hard to beat.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Fringe his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead.

If you hear a song that thrills you
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them, and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?
If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

When music on the ear falls sweetest,
Oh! then beware!
For, though upon the ear it lingers,
It rests not there;
But, quickly rushing to the soul's recess,
So sweetly blends
Its harmony with thought that echo thence
An answer sends.
What is it in the melody of sound
(Not sound alone!)
Which calls such visionary beauty forth
From every tone?
Poetic images do then arise
Within the mind;
Harmoniously they rise, thought linked in thought,
And thus they bind
The yielding heart a captive to sweet sound,
Whose gentle fall
Rouses imaginations which attend
Her heavenly call. —London Sun.

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SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT—Milling, $1 00@1 07½ ₱ ctl; shipping grades nominal at 85@85¼c; other qualities range down to 75c.

BARLEY — Feed, 80@85 ₱ ctl; brewing, 90@90¼.

OATS — Off grades of feed, 85c@$1 05 ₱ ctl; good to choice, $1 10@1 17; fancy, $1 20@1 25; surprise, $1 30@1 35; milling, $1 15@1 25; gray, good to choice, $1 05@1 12½.

CORN—Large yellow, $1 15@1 17 ₱ ctl; small do, $1 30@1 32½; white, $1 35@1 40.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 75 ₱ ctl; pink, $1 75@1 80; bayo, $2 25@2 35; small white, $2 50@2 70; large do, $2 45@2 60; butter, large, $2 25@2 50; Lima, $3 60@3 70.

SEEDS—Rape, 1¾@2¼c ₱ ℔; hemp, 3½@3¾c; canary, 3½@3¾c for imported California; do California, nominal; flaxseed, 3@3½c; alfalfa, 11c for Utah; mustard, nominal.

HAY—New crop—Wheat, $9 00@13 00 ₱ ton; wheat and oat, $9 00@12 00; stock, $6 00@7 50; alfalfa, $7 50@9 50; barley, $8 00@10 00 for choice and $6 00@8 00 for river; clover, $9 00@11 00; oat, $9 00@11 50.

STRAW—50@65c ₱ bale.

HOPS—Nominally 7@10c ₱ ℔.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.

RYE—$ @90c ₱ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—Green, $1 25@1 50 ₱ ctl; Niles, $1 25@1 50.

Mill Products.

BRAN—From $16 00@17 00 ₱ ton for home product; do Oregon and Washington, $15 00@15 50.

MIDDLINGS—From $19 00@21 00 ₱ ton.

GROUND BARLEY—From $19 50@20 00 ₱ ton.

FEED CORNMEAL—From $27 50@28 00 ₱ ton.

CRACKED CORN—From $28 00@28 50 ₱ ton.

OILCAKE MEAL—$35 00 ₱ ton from mill; jobbing at $37 50.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$30 00@32 50 ₱ ton.

FLOUR—Family extra, $3 40@3 50 ₱ bbl; bakers' extra, $3 30@3 40; superfine, $2 50@2 75.

Vegetables.

Onions—From 25@35c ₱ ctl for red; yellow, 55@60c.

Potatoes—From 30@35c ₱ ctl in sks for Early Rose; 30@50c for Burbank and 60@70c for Chile Garnet; bxs, 40@50c for Early Rose and 50@90c for Burbanks.

Various—Green peas, 1½@2c ₱ ℔; string beans, 50c@$1 00 ₱ sk; green peppers, 25@50c ₱ bx; cucumbers, 25@30c for small bxs and 50@75c for large; summer squash, 25c; tomatoes, 50c@$1 00 for small bxs and $2 00@2 50 for large; green corn, 50c@$1 00 ₱ sk for common and 20@22½c ₱ doz for choice bay; green okra, 8@10c ₱ ℔; egg plant, 75c@$1 25 ₱ bx.

Fruits and Nuts.

FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, $2 50@4 00 ₱ chest for Sharpless; do Watsonville, $3 00@4 00; do Longworth, $8 00@10 00; blackberries, $1 50@3 50; raspberries, $2 00@4 00; currants, $1 50@3 50.

Cherries—From 20@35c for black; Royal Anne, 20@30c; white grapes, 40@65c ₱ bx.

Apples, 15@25c ₱ bkt; do bx, 25@75c; apricots, 20@40c ₱ box; do bskt, 20@30c; plums, 20@40c; pears, 15@50c ₱ bx; do bskt, 15@25c; peaches, 25@50c for bskts and bxs; crabapples, 25@40c.

Melons—Arizona watermelons, 20@25c apiece Honolulu do, 35@75c; Vacaville canteloupes, $2 50@3 00 ₱ crate.

Figs—White, 25@50c ₱ bx; black, 20@30c for 1 layer and 35@50c for 2 layer; do fancy, 65@75c.

LEMONS—California, 50c@$1 00 for 6ommon to fair; $1 50@2 00 ₱ bx for good to choice; fancy Santa Barbara, $2 50@3 00; do Santa Paula, $2 50@3 00; Mexican limes, $3 00@4 00.

Various—Bananas, $1 50@2 50 ₱ bunch; pineapples, $1 5 @4 00 ₱ doz for Honolulu.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, jobbing at 10@11c ₱ ℔. Old crop—Apples, 5@6c for sliced; do quartered, 5@6c; do evaporated, 9@11c; peaches, bleached, 10@11c; do sun-dried, 7@8c; pears, 6@8c for bleached halves; do qrs, 2@4c; plums, pitted, 3½@4½c and 1½@2c unpitted; black figs, pressed, 3@4c; do unpressed, 1½@2c; do ungraded, 2½@4c; prunes, 4½@5½c for graded and 3@5c for ungraded.

Raisins—California clusters, $1 25@1 50 ₱ bx; do layers, 90c@$1 00; Muscatel, loose, bxs, 50@75c; do sks, 2¾@3c for No. 1 and 2¼@2½ for No. 2; dried grapes, 1½@1¾c ₱ ℔.

NUTS—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 8@11c ₱ ℔; do papershell, 12@13c; do hardshell, 5@6c; standard, 7@8c; walnuts, California, softshell, 9½@11c; do papershell, 9@10c; do hard shell, 7@8c; do Chile, 8@9c; chestnuts, Italian, 8@9c; Brazil, 6½@8c; Filberts, 10@11c; polished pecans, Texas, 8@10c; pinenuts, Mexican, 12@18c; peanuts, California, 6c; Virginia, 5½@6½c; hickory, nominal; cocoanuts, $5 00@5 50 ₱ 100.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 18@20c ₱ ℔; fancy dairy, 16@17c; good to choice, 14@15c; pickled roll, nominal.

CHEESE—California, 7@8½c ₱ ℔ for flats; Young America, 9@9½c; Eastern, 13@15c; Western, 11@12c.

HONEY—Jobbing prices. Comb, clear white, 11½@12½c ₱ ℔; do dark to light, dominal; water white, extracted, 7@7½c; light amber do, 6½@6¼c; dark amber do, nominal.

BEESWAX—24@26c ₱ ℔

Poultry and Eggs.

POULTRY—Hens, $4 50@5 50 ₱ doz; broilers, $2 00@3 00 for small; $3 00@3 50 for large; fryers, $4 00@5 00; roosters, $6 00@7 00 for young; do old, $4 00@4 50; geese, $1 00 ₱ pair goslings, $1 00@1 25; ducks, $3 00@3 50 ₱ doz for old and $3 50@5 50 for young; turkeys, alive, 12@15c ₱ ℔; pigeons, $1 25@1 50 ₱ doz for young and $1 50@1 75 for old.

EGGS—California, 11@14c ₱ doz for store; ranch, 17@19c, some selected being held higher; Eastern, cold storage, 15@16c.

The Preston industrial school at Ione, Cal., is completed and ready for the reception of boys. The school is intended as a place for the reformation of boys.

Eugene Debs, president of the A. R. U. says he will never again counsel a strike. The remedy for the ills of labor must be applied through the ballot box. Debs has entered politics as a Populist and will undoubtedly be nominated for congress.

During the celebration of the second centenary of the university of Halle the degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred upon Professor Francis A. Walker of Boston, president of the American Statistical society and of the American Economic association.

Dr. Cornelius Herz, the Panama lobbyist has been sentenced at Paris to five years imprisonment and to pay a fine of 8,000 francs for participating in the Panama canal scandals. Herz is in England.

The body of a woman in the Chicago morgue is claimed by two men both of whom swear the dead woman was his wife. One man is from Arizona and the other is from Philadelphia. Both have identified the body but the identifications do not correspond. One is a photograph and the other is a description of the woman's wearing apparel.

C. Muller's jewelry store on Market street, San Francisco, was burglarized the other night. About $3,000 worth of goods were stolen. The thieves got into an office above the store and cut a hole in the floor. Hundreds of people are passing the store at all hours.

Machinist May, formerly employed by the Carpenter Steel company at Reading, Pa., alleges that the government has been swindled out of large sums in the purchase of shells for the big guns of the army and navy. Secretary Herbert has directed a thorough investigation under the supervision of May. Nearly all the shells bought by the government are made by the Carpenter company.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

PROGRESS MADE BY GERMANY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Councilors Are Excellent Citizens and Serve Without Pay—Administration Put Into the Hands of Experts, Who Are Often Chosen For Life.

Municipal housekeeping as a science and an art evolved out of the conditions of life prevailing in the last half of this century can be observed to better advantage in Germany than in any other country. It is true that the German cities have been somewhat tardy in providing themselves with modern conveniences and improvements, but now having fairly entered upon the task they are accomplishing it in a more systematic, thorough and businesslike way than any other cities, whether in Europe, America or Australia.

To this work of modern improvement, especially in public appointments, the Germans seem to have brought more of the scientific spirit and method than any other people. Their habits of thoroughness in research and of patient, exhaustive treatment of any subject in hand have fully characterized their progress in the arts of civilized life. Above all, the Germans had already developed a system of public administration more economical and more infallibly effective than could have been found elsewhere, and they were prepared when the growth of their cities and the new demand for modern improvements made necessary a great increase in the number and variety of public functions to do in the best possible way whatever it was decided to undertake. So confident were they indeed in the efficiency of their administrative organization that they dared to assign to the municipalities spheres of action which elsewhere have been left to private effort and control.

Municipal councilors in Germany are, as a rule, very excellent citizens. It is considered a high honor to be elected to the council. Membership is a title of dignity that merchants, professional men and scholars are usually eager to hold. No salaries are paid to the councilors, and a penalty is attached to refusal to serve if elected. The sentiment toward these positions is much the same in Germany as in Great Britain, though stronger with men of high education in German than in British towns. The re-election of good councilors term after term is common in both countries. It would be difficult to estimate fairly the influence of the class system in Prussia upon the character of city councils as regards their conservatism, intelligence and business ability. Undoubtedly the recent growth of the social democracy would have a sharper inuflence upon the city councils if the class system were abolished and if the municipal franchise were made identical with the simple manhood suffrage that exists for purposes of representation in the imperial legislature—the reichstag.

In addition to the magistracy and the council, there is in Berlin a body of about 75 so called "citizen deputies," who are selected by the council for their general fitness to serve as associates on committees charged with the oversight of various municipal interests, such as parks, schools, the care of the poor and the sanitary services. They have no authority to vote in the council, but they illustrate, at the center of administration, the excellent practice which is followed throughout the entire ramification of German city government, of enlisting the co-operation of unofficial citizens in managing the ordinary concerns of the community.

The burgomaster and magistrates are the most highly trained experts that a German city can secure. The burgomaster is an expert in the general art of municipal administration. Associated with him in the magisterial council are experts in law, experts in finance, experts in education to administer the schools, experts in engineering to oversee public works of every character, experts in sanitary science, experts in public charity, experts in forestry and park management, experts in the technical and business management of water and gas supplies, and so on.

The analogy would not be perfect, but it would answer roughly to compare the governmental structure of a German city with that of a railway corporation, in which the board of directors, chosen by the stockholders, appoint a general superintendent or manager, a general passenger agent, a general freight agent, a chief legal officer, a chief engineer, a superintendent of motive power and other general officers and leave to these high salaried experts, drawn from the service of various other transportation companies, almost the entire management and operation of the road. The shareholders represent the voters of Berlin, let us say, the board of directors are the municipal council, the general superintendent is the chief burgomaster, and the general officers at the head of departments are the magistrates.

The magistratsrath, or stadtrath, of a German city is, then, a body of distinguished and honored, highly paid, professional, expert employees and not a body of citizen representatives, although experienced members of the body of citizen representatives may be, and not infrequently are, promoted to membership in the magistratsrath. The professional civil service is a vastly greater and better established field of employment in Germany than in England or America, and it is particularly difficult for an American to appreciate its position and significance. The mayor of an American city is usually some well known citizen who is called temporarily from private life to occupy the most authoritative place in the corporation. The burgomaster of a German city is a civil servant—the permanent head of a permanent body of trained officials. The difference between the two is somewhat like that between our secretary of war and the general commanding the army.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

Gave Them a High Fall.

A well known Philadelphian, who in his youth was given a little to sport, has a particularly fine boy, who is very spirited. At school he suffered very much up to a few months ago from bigger boys who abused and "pounded" him. Enjoining the lad to the strictest secrecy, the father employed a retired pugilist, a little bit of a fellow, and had him give the boy lessons several times a week in boxing. At odd moments he practiced with the boy himself. Finally the lad, with that assurance and sense of prowess which comes under such circumstances, wanted to be let loose, but the father held him back until he felt perfectly satisfied. Not long ago, just as the school was about to close, he told his son to go ahead. An opportunity soon presented itself, and it would be hard to describe the sensation that followed when the young whippersnapper who had been taking thumps for a year or two sailed in and laid out completely two of the biggest bullies and braggarts in the school.—Philadelphia Times.

A Youthful Hero.

The story of a brief but great career told at a coroner's inquest in London deserves a place in the world's record of heroes. It is the simple record of a little lad of 10, John Clinton by name, son of a humble carman. A few months ago the boy saved his baby brother from burning to death. The child had set fire to his clothing and the curtains. Johnny rolled the baby along the carpet till the fire was extinguished. He then tore down the burning curtains, receiving severe burns on his hands and arms.

The other day the boy's companions were wading along the bank of the Thames when a little fellow got beyond his depth and called for help. Johnny Clinton jumped in and saved him. Then, as the rescued boy told the coroner:

"After Jack pulled me out he slipped back into deep water, and we didn't see him again."

The body was recovered a few minutes later, but life was extinct.—New York Sun's London Letter.

Peculiarities of the Language.

In the national capital is a private tutor of English to foreigners who trains them in the idioms of pronunciation with this chain of similarly spelled words, "Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through." The result is humorous, as these samples of the efforts of the pupils will show:

"Tho the to co and hicco plo me thro."

Thuf the tuf cuf and hiccuf pluf me thruf."

"Thof the tof cof and hiccof plof me throf."

"Thup the tup cup and hiccup plup me thrup."

"Thoo the too coo and hiccoo ploo me throo."

It is not surprising that Voltaire, when he began to study English and learned that ague was pronounced as two syllables and plague as one, should have wished that half the English had the one disease and the other half the other.—Washington Post.

Floral Fad In Paris.

The newest thing is for sale on the boulevards. A certain chemist sells liquids by the application of which the most startling changes are produced in the colors of flowers, and a veritable surprise awaits the guests for whom the hostess has provided old friend flowers in new colors. As a rule, it will be found that nature has not made a mistake in selecting the hues that best fit her in her floral attributes, but Paris is superior to nature in many things and now struggles to surpass nature in her floral hues. Sometimes the change of color is really a good joke, and few who know a rose but will regret to see it a vandyke brown, with eruptions of white spots. The false color lasts but a night, and nature then is restored to all her surpassing beauty. In the meanwhile a new fashion, a surprise, has gained a victory.—Paris Cor. London Court Journal.

A Doctor's Dilemma.

A bachelor physician, who maintains a splendid establishment on Diamond street is in a dilemma. He bought the house in which he lives several years ago and made a 10 year contract with a widow, with children, to furnish the house and board him and his man servant for the free use of the dwelling. Since then the widow has married. Now the doctor wants to wed. The erstwhile widow refuses to vacate the house, the bride to be refuses to move in until the other woman moves out, and the doctor is boarding elsewhere, while the man servant and widow are in supreme possession. The contract has five years to run, and the doctor must either get another house, another woman for a wife or buy the housekeeper off.—Philadelphia Record.

Hoist by an Ocean Lift.

The San Francisco Call relates rather a marvelous story regarding a brig named the Borough Belle, wrecked on an outlying shoal of the Solomon islands last February. According to the tale, the Belle has been lifted out of the water by the tireless work of the coral insect until now the vessel rests on its keel, with the sea more than six feet below its bottom. But more marvelous than this is the announcement that four swine and a dog which were on the brig at the time of the wreck survived and were only recently rescued by a passing ship. The animals, it is said, were fat and had subsisted on potatoes which were in the hold.

Byron's Best Behaved Curls.

A lock of Byron's hair, duly authenticated by John Murray, which came up for sale at Sotheby's in London the other day, was accompanied by a letter from the poet's sister, in which the writer said, "I inclose what my poor, dear brother would have termed one of his best behaved curls."

STARTING HORSES.

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY THIS IS A DIFFICULT BUSINESS.

Why It Is Harder Here Than In Other Countries—Bother of Short Dashes—Popular Misunderstandings of Good and Bad Starts.

Starting race horses is a fine art, and the man who fancies it isn't will never be convinced until he stands, flag in hand, facing 10,000 persons, and with a dozen or so thoroughbreds, ridden by anxious jockeys, upon the track, each rider doing his best to get an advantage over his fellows. In 19 cases out of 20 it is not the thoroughbred that is to blame for the trouble at the post, nor is it the jockey directly, but it is the owner, trainer or some speculator in the background who has told the jockey to get off in front, no matter what happens, and who has promised to pay his fine or reimburse him for any penalty he may incur in carrying out instructions. It is all very well to sit in the grand stand and criticise the work of the starter. One must try the business himself to appreciate its difficulties and its trials.

It is a much harder task to start race horses as we race in this country than in England, France, Austria or Australia, where the pace is very slow at the start, and a length or two advantage when the flag falls does not count for much. With us, and especially of late years, since the system of short dashes has become so popular with horse owners, which, by the way, has had such a depressing influence on the improvement of the blooded horse, the style has been to ride pellmell from the start, and races are won and lost very frequently when the flag falls. Judgment of pace is fast becoming a lost art, and even our best jockeys now, with very rare exceptions, have no more idea of race riding than to get away well and take the shortest course home in the quickest possible fashion. Consequently every boy becomes imbued with the idea that to win he must get off in front.

The reader can easily picture to himself the scene at the post when there are 15 or 20 horses, many of them ridden by boys not 16 years of age, all of whom have been told—some of them with threats and others with promises of large rewards—to get the best of the start. Any visitor to our race tracks is familiar with the scene at the post. Half a dozen horses will rush away at a false break when there is no possible chance for an equitable start, and when they come trotting back and before they have had time to wheel and get into line those that remained behind the first time will dash out and run perhaps a hundred yards, leaving the first squad in their places. This goes on indefinitely.

The public is also familiar with the sight of one or more horses standing motionless some lengths behind their competitors. The starter asks the riders of the horses in advance of the laggards to wait until they have taken their positions. Each boy seems to think it is his bounden duty to walk his horse when those in the rear attempt to move up at a walk and to break away madly if an attempt is made by those behind to come up at a run.

A starter should have a thorough knowledge of racing, should be a man of a high degree of intelligence, be quick of eye and hand and, above all, be of unimpeachable integrity. The issue of many thousands of dollars, oftentimes hundreds of thousands of dollars, is decided by the fall of his red flag, and it is his duty to see that every horse, no matter by whom he is owned, has an equal chance when he leaves the post. Every effort is made to catch the horses in motion and on as nearly even terms as possible. The eye must take in the field in a twinkling, and if the judgment is that the start is satisfactory the hand will act in unison with the eye and the brain.

Very often horses are in bad places, and what might look to be a good start from the grand stand would be a poor one in the judgment of the starter, and the flag does not fall. Criticism follows, and generally it is of the harshest and most unjust character. Some horses are quicker on their feet than others and will make a good start look like a poor one through their ability to get under way much more rapidly than their competitors. A good start when the flag drops becomes to the unthinking and ignorant a poor start, and abuse is heaped upon the head of the official.

From time to time mechanical appliances for starting race horses have been invented, but they have not been practical and have not achieved success. A swinging gate to be raised by electricity was spoken of some time ago, but fractious thoroughbreds could not be got near it. There are, again, horses that are not to be controlled at times, and collisions with the obstacle would undoubtedly be of daily occurrence. Then, too, it would take months of drilling to get horses to overcome the idea that they were not going to run into the gate. This and many other objections can be raised against this system. A western inventor has patented a gate to be lowered before the horses while they stand at the post, which may be moved away from them at a rapid rate of speed by electric power, the barrier moving onward and upward at the same time.—New York Sun.

Had to Be.

Aunt Surplice—How peacefully still and solemn it always is on Sunday.

Little Nephew—Yes'm; that's because so many children's papas is at home.—Good News.

An English curio collector has an old time watch which is shaped like a cow's horn. At the end of every hour it discharges a tiny pistol.

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.

Diplomatic.

Flakaway Jones—Ha! I dun saw dat yaller gal of yourn flirtin wid a Pullman porter de udder day.

Sunbeam Smith (superciliously)—Dat's all right, sah. I dun tell her to.

Flakaway Jones —Wheffore you do dat?

Sunbeam Smith—Well, sah, when we goes on our weddin journey an trabels on dat man's car, we wants the propah 'tensions from de menials of de road, sah.—New York Herald.

Our Female Decadents.

Bulkeley Bigge, a charming fellow, but a bad dancer)—I can't think what all the girls are coming to! They've got no backbones. Five wanted to sit out a dance with me tonight!—Punch.

A Great Scheme.

Two fin de siecle young men sat on a bench in Union square. Their dovetails were folded neatly across their laps, and their trousers were creased with case knife precision. One young man yawned wearily, and the other said:

"What's the matter, old man? Sleepy?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Out late last night?"

"No, not out; up."

"Sick?"

"No."

"Callers?"

"No."

"Got into a little game mebbe?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Creasing my trousers."

"Creasing your trousers?"

"Yes, can't afford to go to the tailor's now. Times're too hard. Have to do it myself. Got a new scheme."

"Beat laying them under the mattress?"

"To death."

"Better'n putting them under a trunk?"

"Trunk scheme's nowhere. It doesn't put the crease in to stay. My way makes a crease that'll last a week. All a fellow wants is an alarm clock and a bedroom door. You see, it's this way: The night I want to put the crease in I go to bed early. I fold the front of one of the trousers legs and shut it into the door lengthwise. It's a tight pinch. I fix the clock so that the alarm will wake me up at the end of a couple of hours. Then I get up and shut the other leg into the door. I have to get up four times before the job's done, but when the crease is finished it distances anything that a tailor can produce easily."

The young genius yawned again, and his friend contemplated him admiringly as he went off into a doze.—New York Herald.

The Poet's Interruption.

Upon the thunder blasted cliff, scarred by the storm's resistance, he felt the glamour and the awe and mystery of existence. The magic of the thoughtful night, its endless amplitudes of light, burst on his tranced and raptured sight that gazed into the distance.

Beneath his feet the ancient sea, its mighty anthem pealing, broke on his shores of consciousness in mighty tides of feeling. Visions of mermaids 'neath the waves, sporting in glee o'er sailors' graves, through emerald pearl emblazoned caves, his fancy was revealing.

And summer islands crowned with flowers burst from the misty ocean, and spicy archipelagoes arose in glad commotion, and dolphins on the sunlit seas were sporting with the porpoises, and sirens sang their soulful glees, and mermen vowed devotion.

What voice is this that breaks his dreams between the sky and water? It sounds much like a woman's voice and not a sea nymph's daughter. He bent his ear and heard her say: "Now, John, don't mope the time away. Come down to McElroy's cafe—two ice creams for a quarter."—New York World.

A Sad Oversight.

Detective (to banker)—You say your bank has been entered during the night?

Banker—Yes; the burglars got into the bank, but they failed to open the safe where there was $500,000 in bonds and securities.

"So the burglars didn't get any of the bonds or money?"

"Not a cent."

"What a pity! If they had gone off with the contents of the safe, we could have had a clew."—Texas Siftings.

Evening Up.

"You country people make lots of funny mistakes when you come to town," said the city young man.

"Yep," replied the gentle farmer, "but when we remember what a lot o' argyin it takes ter convince some city folks that gooseberries don't necessarily come from eggplants we sorter learn ter bear up."—Washington Star.

Meteorological Item.

Adams—Hot enough for you?

Brown—I don't find it hot.

"You must be a salamander."

"Not at all. There was ice in our yard this morning."

"Ice! Great Scott! How much?"

"About 10 pounds. The iceman left it."—Texas Siftings.

STAGE GLINTS.

Thomas W. Keene is at his Staten Island home for the summer.

Much mystery surrounds the plot and subject of Gus Thomas' new play, "New Blood," which is to be produced in August in Chicago.

Manuel Garcia, member of the first opera company heard in New York, is living in London, where he still gives singing lessons. He is 89 years old.

Blanche Marsden's new play, "Dan O'Hara," which is a continuation of Fred Marsden's famous play, "The Kerry Gow," is to be produced next season.

It is said that Frank Daniels was offered a salary and a percentage to originate the comedy part in Fred Miller's comic opera, "Davy Jones," but declined.

John Kernell was arrested for disorderly conduct in Sixth avenue, New York, recently. He escaped spending three months on Blackwell's island by giving bonds.

Charles MacGeachy and Richard Golden are again associated as manager and star and will take "Old Jed Prouty" on a tour of the whole country, state by state and town by town.

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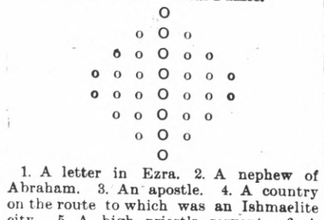
THE PUZZLER

No. 201.—A Biblical Puzzle.



1. A letter in Ezra. 2. A nephew of Abraham. 3. An apostle. 4. A country on the route to which was an Ishmaelite city. 5. A high priest's servant. 6. A prophet. 7. A city where God appeared to one of the patriarchs. 8. A letter in Suzannah.

The central column, reading downward, one whom Paul befriended.

No. 202.—Illustrated Diagonal.

All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left hand letter to the lower right hand letter) will spell the name of a famous German writer, who during the 80 years of his life is said to have never traveled more than seven miles from his native city.—St. Nicholas.

No. 203.—A Charade.

My FIRST, an article worn by a man.
My SECOND, an animal; guess if you can;
My THIRD is something we all like to take.
Can you out of these a philosopher make?

No. 204.—The Lover's Task.

I am constrained to plant a grove
To please the lady that I love.
This ample grove is to compose
Nineteen trees in nine straight rows.
Five trees in each row I must place,
Or I shall never see her face.

No. 205.—Double Acrostic.

Noted. Before. To utter reproach. To dazzle. The colored circle around the pupil of the eye. Approaches. To confound. Low. Scum of metals.

My primals and finals, read downward, name a noted Frenchman.

No. 206.—Word Squares.

A small vessel. One time. A measure of land. An English river.

To go quickly. A continent. A small brook. A story.

To lose color. A tree. A toy. Fish.

No. 207.—Central Acrostic.

x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x

1. A river of Italy. 2. An Athenian philosopher. 3. A river of Gaul, rising at the foot of Mount Jura. 4. A country of Africa. 5. A Greek who was the first king of Laconia in Peloponnesus. 6. A Roman goddess. 7. A celebrated Athenian commander who fought against the Spartans. The centrals spell the name of an ancient city.

No. 208.—Beheadings.

Behead to petition and leave a loud noise.
Behead to ravage and leave a period of time.
Behead to read and leave a stratagem.
Behead to point out and leave a musical sound.
Behead to infect and leave a quiet state.
Behead to escape privately and leave a leap.
Behead to descend and leave a beacon.

A Good Card Trick.

Take any number of cards and deal them face upward upon the table, noting in your own mind the first card dealt. Ask any number of persons each to note a card and to remember at what number it falls. When you have dealt all cards, you first look in your hand, take them up again without disturbing their order and turn them face downward. Invite the company to take any number they choose of the remaining cards, such number being unknown to you, and place them either above or below the cards you have dealt. Allow the cards to be cut, not shuffled, as many times as the audience may please. Now, for the first time, ask each person for the number of his card, and on being informed deal the cards again, turning them face upward. When the original first card appears, count silently on from this, as number one, to the number mentioned, at which number the chosen card will again appear. Should all of the cards be dealt out without reaching the required number, turn the cards over again and continue from the top of the pack until the number is reached.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 191.—Numerical Enigma: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

No. 192.—A Fishpond: 1. Halibut (haul I butt). 2. Her-ring. 3. Pike. 4. Lamprey. 5. Haddock. 6. Carp. 7. Perch. 8. Pout. 9. Sucker (succor).

No. 193.—Transpositions: Warred, warder, drawer, reward.

No. 194.—Charade: Rail-road.

No. 195.—Pictorial Acrostic: F-lag. I-gloos. B-ear. R-eindeer. E-skimo. S-ledge.

No. 196.—Riddle: Lead pencil.

No. 197.—Progressive Enigma: Aix-la-Chapelle.

No. 198.—A Poultry Problem: Twelve turkeys, 13 geese, 75 chickens.

No. 199.—Checkered Square:

O U T P O S T
U A R A
T A B B I E D
P B N P
O R I N O C O
S E C L
T A D P O L E

No. 200.—Hidden Creatures: 1. Bee. 2. Moth. 3. Wasp. 4. Slug. 5. Snail.

The Duchess of Marlborough.

To draw Sarah Jennings' character is no easy task. As she was when a girl, so she remained as a mother, as Queen Anne's favorite, as wife to the greatest man of his day and in old age as his widow. Neither time nor increased knowledge of the world ever changed or in any way softened her. She was essentially an unimaginative, unimpressionable woman, with no illusions about men or about events either human or divine, and without sentiment of any kind, except perhaps where her husband was concerned.

The duke's love for her was deep, pure, unselfish and passionate. All his letters, meant for no eye but hers, breathe the same loverlike devotion. They make the reader feel that from first to last his one great dread was that she might case to love him. She did love him sincerely, but in her own haughty and tigerlike fashion. There was nothing demonstrative about her affection, but such as it was she gave him her whole heart. In most of the relations of life they were both egotistical and covetous, yet their marriage was absolutely uninfluenced by mercenary considerations. Their mutual attachment was stronger even than their undoubted worldliness.—"Life of Marlborough," Wolseley.

An Estate Obtained Through a Pun.

Land transfer has lost a great deal of the simplicity which characterized the operation in the olden time. The pleasant land of Bosham, in Sussex, once belonged to the archbishop of Canterbury, but was much coveted by Earl Godwin, supporter of the last of the Saxon kings, whose treasury was unfortunately too empty to purchase it. He obtained the place by a novel system of land transfer. His lordship attended a great ceremony in the archbishop's cathedral, followed by his retainers, and, according to time honored custom, said to his grace, "Da mihi basium," meaning, "Give me the kiss of peace," only, instead of saying "basium," he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham. The archbishop gracefully replied, "Do tibi basium," which, being interpreted, is, "I give thee the kiss," which he did. But Godwin cried, "Thou hast given me Bosham," to which all his retainers cried, "Why, certinly," and the whole crew at once rode off to take possession of the pleasant Sussex territory. The archbishop could not help himself and allowed the transfer to go. The law has greatly complicated matters since then.—London Telegraph.

Misplaced Insulation.

Not long ago a passenger on an ocean steamer folded up his iron deck chair before retiring, and as the night was stormy left it in the pilothouse. The man at the wheel presently began to be aware of something wrong with the compass, and before the delinquent deck chair was pounced on the ship was half an hour out of her course. An equally well authenticated case is that of a learned professor who took his head student out testing one day. It was winter time, and as a cold wind blew through the station the head student kept on his hat while taking insulation readings. The result showed an unprecedented degree of insulation—one, in fact, greater than infinity, and the professor as well as the student was amazed and mystified. The former, however, repeated the test and obtained results much less creditable to the firm who supplied the cables, but still very good. The student had ignored the fact that the felt hat he wore was stiffened with a steel wire in the brim.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Progress of Woman.

It is one thing to get a good servant and another to keep her. A lady living on North Pennsylvania street was amazed yesterday to have a strange lady ring the bell and inquire if her servant was at home.

Upon being informed that she was out, the stranger said:

"Well, do you mind asking her to come to my house this evening? I want to see if she will come and work for me."

The mistress said very emphatically she did mind, so the stranger said:

"Well, I'll just sit on the porch next door, then, and wait till she comes back. What do you pay her, please? I suppose I'll have to offer her more than she gets here."

And she sat on the porch and waited for the servant's return, and the mistress thinks it outranked any bold piracy she had ever read of.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Goat Isn't Appreciated.

The relations of the goat to mankind are in certain ways peculiar. The creature has long been subjugated, probably having come into the human family before the dawn of history. It has been almost as widely disseminated, among barbarian and civilized peoples alike, as the sheep. It readily cleaves to the household and exhibits much more intelligence than the other members of our flocks and herds. It yields good milk, the flesh is edible, though in the old animals not savory, and the hair can be made to vary in a larger measure than any of our animals which are shorn. Yet this creature has never obtained the place in relation to man to which it seems entitled.—Scribner's.

HUMOR

HIS REQUEST.

A Circus Man Who Was Not Anxious For a Write Up.

"Ah, good morning!" said a brisk, natty little fellow, walking into the office of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator and tripping lightly over a cuspidor. "I represent the Little Gem circus."

"We have thrown off on circuses," snapped the editor. "They're grand concatenations"——

"We have not got a single concatenation. We don't carry them any more. They are altogether too common. In fact, we are drawing our circus very mild this season."

"Why, haven't you got 15,000 feet of venomous serpents?"

"Not a foot, not even a dead garter in a bottle of alcohol. Boa constrictors and pythons are out of style."

"Don't you advertise three miles of golden chariots, headed by 19 silver plated bands, a steam calliope, a galaxy of Circassian beauties, 16 educated stallions, a bass drum with two heads, a dozen 81 ton elephants and 26 limber jointed acrobats on bicycles?"

"No, oh, no!" answered the advance agent, with a sickly smile hovering in the corners of his mouth. "We drive in town with an old lumber wagon and a trotting sulky. Our elephant died last season of hay fever, and our $5 beauty eloped with one of the canvas men. We have got a pretty middling good snare drummer and a Bohemian with a harelip, who blows the fife. That is our band."

"Of course you have the wonderful giganitc Bovolapus, which sweats blood and disembowels camelopards?"

"Well, no. You see, our Bovolapus was ill last fall and was laid up in the hospital for six weeks. He finally escaped by chewing up the hospital steward, three guards and the physician on night watch. But he was never the same Bovolapus afterward. He drooped, pined away, and one morning we found him dead in the horse tent."

"You don't seem to have many attractions, that's a fact. Of course you have the wittiest clowns in the world?"

"Clowns! Oh, no, sir; only one clown—a regular howling idiot. Some of his jokes are covered with cobwebs, and besides that he is blind in one eye, knee sprung in the left leg and dying with consumption. I hardly expect he will live to get here with the show. But it will be a small loss."

"Of course you have three rings?"

"On the contrary, we have only half a ring. We send the old plug of a pad horse half way around a circle, and there is a turntable at the end, like a single track car line. We then head him the other way, build a fire under him, and he jogs back on a slow trot."

"I don't see what you want with the assistance of an influential newspaper like ours," said the editor. "You do not seem to want to advertise anything, or rather you do not appear to have anything to advertise."

"Advertise! Death on a cream horse! No! What I came in for is to see how much you fellows will take to stay away from the show and say nothing about it Name your figures, and if they are anywhere between a sour toddy and $60 I'll cash right in. Can we trade?"

The editor was thus easily corrupted, but it was noticed by the managing editor that when he returned from a trip round the corner in company with the advance agent he was full of inspiration, and it required the whole force to restrain him from giving the Little Gem circus a preliminary write up.—Texas Siftings.

His Explanation.

"Got any little job of work, ma'am," inquired the dusty pilgrim at the back door, "that I can do to earn a bite of grub?"

"You've often asked me for cold victuals," replied the woman in surprise, "but this is the first time you ever asked for work."

"Yes'm," rejoined the tourist cheerfully; "I'm on my vacation."—Chicago Tribune.

Retaining Esteem For Him.

The Versifier (reproachfully)—So you didn't take the trouble to read my poem? What a poor opinion you must have of me!

The Girl—Think what an opinion I might have had of you if I had read it!—Chicago Record.

Suicidal Despair.

"Theah's Harwy!" said Cholly.

"Wheah?" asked Chappie.

"At the soda fountain. He just took a whole lot of cwushed ice."

"Cwushed ice! Gweat heavens! Ethel has wefused him again."—Detroit Tribune.

Highly Absurd.

Patsey—Why don't yer git a new pair o' pants, Chimmie?

Jimmie—Ah, go on! Does yer take me fer a dude ter have more den one pair at a time? Me mudder wants me ter wear dese out first.—Brooklyn Life.

SEVERE ON AMERICANS.

How One of John Bull's Watchful Organs Sizes Up Some American Subjects.

Except a Yorkshireman there is no more self conscious person than your untraveled American. He knows everything. You can't take him in. He comes from the biggest country in the world. His smartness is proverbial. He does not continually exclaim, "I am a Yankee, I am," but he metaphorically waves his flag in the face of an effete civilization and trails his egotism before the darned old country all the time, you bet! And it is done surely and persistently. Every whipper snapper of a sneak thief has him. Notwithstanding the staleness of the confidence trick in his own country, he is a prey to the first American sharper or the clumsiest imitator of the Yankee methods whom he meets in street or barroom. The papers lately have contained several instances of the successful practice of the confidence trick on Americans. The wonder is that any one can be fleeced so easily.

Imagine any sane person being induced to hand over his watch and his purse to a total stranger and letting him go out of sight to test his faith in the said stranger—"to show his confidence" in a man he does not care a button about, and whose acquaintance he has only just made. This happened the other day in Holborn to an American gentleman who parted with watch, ring and notes to the value of nearly £300. The story began by one of two confidence men spotting him for an American in Holborn and asking him, "Say, stranger, is this a new street?"

The two men were Americans; they came from Virginia; the dupe was from New Jersey. Of course they all adjourned to the restaurant to have a drink. The first Virginia gentlemen had come into a large fortune and wanted to give a lot of it away, but not to Britishers—oh, no—but to his own countrymen.

The Jersey gentleman was induced to undertake the office of my lord bountiful to the millionaire and was permitted for a time to hold possession of a great bundle of spurious notes. Then, to show his confidence in his new friends, he handed over all he had about him, and they presently decamped with his money, "jewels, cash and plate." He had to go home before the police could catch the masqueraders, but on reaching New York he will be asked by cable to keep the promise he made that he would return and prosecute them if the dull London detectives could lay hands on the astute operators from Virginia.

And this kind of thing is going on continually. The credulity of people in general says a great deal for the trustfulness and sympathy of humanity as a whole. Cynics would say that it may be taken as still more indicative of its greed. It certainly says little for its caution. The most transparent swindles of the day in the direction of companies, partnerships, offers of fortunes for a few pounds, successful systems of betting and speculation catch their dupes day by day, and Monte Carlo is extending its palatial halls.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

WILD BILL A SOLID MAN.

The Body of the Famous Desperado Had Turned to Stone.

The climate of Colorado is so exceedingly dry in the greater portion of the state that ordinary objects, such as potatoes, vegetables of various sorts and even small animals, petrify when covered with sand. The body of Wild Bill, the famous desperado, is today solid stone. He was buried in a sandy country near Telluride, and about four years ago his friends decided to put up a monument to his memory. They went out to his grave, which is in the open prairie, and one of the party, an old scout, was taken along to exactly locate where he was buried. The sand had shifted and blown in great heaps, as it does all through that country, and the scout had a good deal of difficulty in absolutely locating the spot. Finally he struck a mound that he said had Wild Bill under it.

Owing to the uncertainty of the situation and his hesitancy, the party decided to dig down and see whether he was right. Presently the spade ran into a rock—a scarce thing in that country. They shoveled all around it, and soon revealed the petrified image of Wild Bill, as perfect as the day he died, with not a trace of decomposition. Even the clothes and shoes were turned to stone. Some of the parties wanted to take the body up for the purposes of exhibition. But one of Bill's old pals, Shorty Jake, as he was called, remarked that the first man who tried to do so would find a bed in the hole that Bill filled. So the idea was abandoned.—Washington Post.

Lost a Small Fortune.

There was quite a crowd around a coalhole in the sidewalk, and it was soon learned that a lady who was passing had stepped into the uncovered hole, and they were getting her out. She was not hurt in the least, but rather frightened and dusty. A male relative who accompanied her was executing a series of gymnastics around her.

"Sure you're not hurt, Addie?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a bit, Richard."

"No sprains or broken bones?"

"Not one. You see, I was caught by a man who was passing, and that saved me from being hurt."

"Where is the officious wretch?"

"Richard, he is my deliverer!"

"Deliverer nothing! If you had just broken one little bone, we could have sued the city and recovered $10,000 damages."—Detroit Free Press.

Big Worms.

A waggish farmer in Ohio killed 40 black snakes and buried them in a sandpit. The next day he sent his hired man, a Swede, to dig fishworms in the same place, and the size of the worms frightening the poor fellow nearly out of his senses he fled in terror from the scene.—New York Ledger.

BREVITIES

BOOKMAKING.

Cloth binding superseded the boards commonly employed about 1831.

Books were printed in Paris from stereotyped plates by Didot in 1798.

In 1274 a very finely written Bible was sold for 50 marks—about $170.

The first English paper mill was set up in 1470, but no book was printed on English paper until 1495.

Many of the early wood cuts employed in books were painted over by hand after the printing had been done.

In 1873 two copies of Gutenberg's Latin Bible were sold. One on vellum brought £3,400; one on paper, £2,690.

The work of the first bookbinder consisted in fastening sheets of wood, metal or parchment together with clamps, clasps, hinges or cords.

French bindings excel in taste and finish, English in solidity and strength, American in general excellence and rapidity of workmanship.

The Tartars formerly made their books of some species of bark. The leaves were long and narrow, and the letters were white on a black ground.

The scroll work of the early Bibles is sometimes very beautiful. It is usually brought up between the two columns, and turning at top and bottom passed around the ends of the printed matter.

The first book printed by machinery was "Blumenbach's Physiology," which came from the press in 1817. It was worked on Koenig's press, which printed both sides at the rate of 900 sheets an hour.

The perfection of the early printed books is due to the fact that the first printers were forced to compete with the best scribes and penmen and were thus compelled to do good work in order to justify the right of the new trade to exist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STAGE GLINTS.

Linda Da Costa has been engaged as prima donna of "The Brownies" company.

May Whittemore will not act next season, but will reside with her mother at Detroit.

Alice Bove and Coralie Clifton have been engaged by Nat Roth for the Della Fox company.

Smith and Cook will be the stars of "The Hustler," which will be rewritten for next season.

R. S. Davenant and his little daughter Flossie will be members of "A Ride For Life" company.

W. D. Botto is organizing a company to give an open air performance of "As You Like It" at Lake George.

Daisy Dixon, formerly the kangaroo girl in "Dr. Bill," has been engaged for the "Derby Mascot" company.

E. H. Meade has closed his second season with the Oakes Comic Specialty company and signed with Alba Heywood.

The Starr sisters are to be featured in "Our Twins," a musical comedy, under the management of Ben Kahn, next season.

It is said that Charles H. Hoyt has sold to Frank McKee the right to produce all the farces formerly owned by Hoyt & Thomas for stipulated royalties and a percentage of profits.

Charles Leonard Fletcher intends to add "The King's Jester" to his repertory next season; also a one act arrangement of his own of "The Bells." His repertory will also include his new play, "Unforgiven," and "The Violin Maker."

THE FASHION PLATE.

The autumn bell skirt will be fuller and wider than the original model, but exactly like it in other respects.

Women who have slender, rounded figures are quite ready to adopt the revived fashion of lacing the bodice in the back.

Braiding will be a very favorite garniture in rich dresses next season as well as on tailor gowns and utility costumes.

Brilliant red has come to the fore again for country costumes and will be worn all summer in wool fabrics such as veiling, challi, cashmere, etc.

The new poplin coats take the place of the dress waists. Some are vandyked on the sides in deep points, but are shorter than any of the coats worn a year ago.

The cool, delicious gossamer gowns of muslin crape, organdie and lace have just now a beneficial effect upon society. The very appearance of them seems to lower the temperature and dispel some of the heat and humidity.

Three dominant features will rule in autumn dress—the coat, the pointed bodice and the graceful redingote or princess dress, the latter so transformed by its elaborate draperies and adjustments as to almost lose its identity.

New and beautiful Vienna foulards of delicate quality and gay coloring are made into entire costumes, with pointed bodices and Marie Antoinette fichus of the silk, with scarf ends that tie in the back, the skirt trimming being rose fichus of the fabric, edged with narrow lace.—New York Post.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There are less than 300 pure blooded Greenlanders.

Porcelain is to be substituted for gold in filling the teeth.

Umbrellas made from paper pulp and varnished are now coming into use in various parts of France.

Courts of chancery are located in five states—namely, Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Mississippi and New Jersey.

MODERN DRAMATIC CHANGES.

Unfavorable Comparison of the Characters of the Stage.

The other night a man went to the theater who had not been there for years, and he couldn't make it out. First of all he missed the simple village youth, the virtuous hero who was wont to take the first prize at the Horticultural society, or else win the guerdon at quoits, or something or other in the rustic revels. But worst of all he missed the dear old fashioned villain, and although this play had a tremendous villain in it our friend was not impressed with him a bit. He sighs thus:

"I came away again, sadly disappointed. The play was not what I expected. I shall go no more to the playhouse. The palmy days of the drama are over. The theater has fallen into the sere and yellow fifth act, and there is no health in it.

"The theater has followed the path of literature, and the good old things are changed. I beheld a lot of swell people in evening dress on the stage. They spoke quietly to one another, very much as people do off the stage and in very much the same sort of language.

"This is not what I want when I go to the theater.

"What is the theatrical villain of today? Is he a real, good old fashioned ruffian? Does he ever drag a helpless maiden from the domiciliary roof of her ancestors by the hair? No, sir!

"Does he ever say to the hero, 'Say one word, and thou art food for the wolves?' Does he ever grab the heroine by the wrist, drag her down the stage in three long strides, slam her down in a big chair, bend over her and whisper fiendishly: ''Sdeath, maiden; but, by my soul, I love thee! Thou shalt be mine! Yield, or by heaven'——

"That's all I know of that speech, because 'by heaven, I'll' is the cue for the maiden to spring up, and, throwing the 12 stone villain half way across the stage, to say: 'Unhand me, ruffian! And know that rather than mate with such as thou I'd cast myself from yonder battlement into the foaming flood beneath!'

"And does the villain then say: 'Now, by heaven, I like thy spirit! I love thee all the more for it!'

"And does the maiden say, 'Merciful powers, protect me!'

"And does the door open and the hero rush in armed with a good blunt broadsword?

"And then do he and the villain fence up and down the stage sixes, eights, shoulder blows, cut and thrust?

"Oh, no!

"These things have given way to swallowtailed coats and high collars, and the villain is now as big a swell as any fellow in the show.

"Oh, for the good old palmy days of the drama when the broadsword ruled and there was gore!

"The modern drama is too much like ice cream after a heavy dinner—cold and unsatisfying."—Pearson's Weekly.

ONLY A WAIF.

But the Gates Will Surely Be Ajar For Him In the Other World.

Uncle John Thorpe stood among his flowers one morning thinking how much better they were than the money that bought them.

The front door opened slightly, and there came through the crevice a very small boy, much tattered as to clothes and having streaks of the town dirt across his face.

He saw Uncle John back among the flowers and said:

"Mister."

"What is it?"

"Say, I want a rose," and he held out a penny.

"For a cent?"

"Dat's all I can blow."

"You'd better let me give you a carnation. It looks just as well in a gentleman's buttonhole," with a smile.

"No kiddin, mister. I ain't wearin flowers. It's for me pardner."

"Your partner?"

"De kid dat's always been wid me. He's out in t'e hospital, and I t'ought he'd like to have a rose."

Uncle John picked out the rarest and sweetest rose of all and took the penny. The boy went away with the great nodding blossom hugged against his torn waist, and Uncle John was left with the reflection that there are some things in the world as beautiful as flowers.

It was a week later when the door again opened, and the same tattered boy, his face unnaturally clean, came in and once more found Uncle John at home among his flowers.

"Mister."

"Hello, here! The boy that bought the rose. How's your partner?"

"Dat's what I came in about. He's dead."

"That's too bad."

"Say, mister, do you make dem 'Gates Ajar' t'ings for to put on coffins?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, t'e boys have chipped in for one, and here's t'e stuff." And he opened his right hand, which was heaping full of pennies and nickels.

Uncle John gathered together the coins and counted them. The total was 76 cents.

"We t'ought for dat we could get somethin purty nice fer t'e kid."

"Yes, indeed. Come this afternoon."

The boy went away undeceived. Uncle John as he wired together the green strands and the rich clusters of bloom again reflected, and his reflection was that the gates must be ajar for such "kids."—Chicago Record.

Artificially Red Oranges.

Blood oranges are now prepared artificially. They are even richer in flavor than the regulation red orange of nature. An ordinary orange is punctured, and a small quantity of California claret is injected by means of a powerful syringe. The wine is drawn up into the pulp of the fruit by means of the capillary attraction and gives the orange the deep red so admired by connoisseurs.—New York Herald.

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LOST HIS NERVE.

While the westward bound express was stopping at the Jericho station I noticed that the station master was in close conversation with the engine driver. This was an unusual act on his part, as he strictly upheld the dignity of his office and held no communication with engine drivers, except to hand them such telegraphic orders as he might happen to have received for them. So, after the train had departed and the station master had returned to his usual lounging place on the platform, I had asked him who was the man with whom he had been conversing.

"That man?" he replied. "That was Hank Stevens, the best engineer on this or any other road. I've known him for going on 20 years and have helped him to pull out from under three wrecked engines. He's quiet and careful enough nowadays, but there was a time when that there man was just the greatest hustler and the biggest daredevil that ever handled the throttle of an engine.

"There is nothing in the world," continued the station master, "that requires the nerve that engine driving requires. You may talk about your soldiers and your sailors, and I don't deny that they are a nervy lot, but they don't compare with an engineer. When they see themselves getting into a tight place, they have some time to look about them and to make up their minds what to do, but when an engineer, running, say, at 40 miles an hour, round a sharp curve, meets an engine coming his way on the same track he hasn't even time to cuss. All he can do is to reverse his engine, which most times is a big mistake, as I've heard our best engineers say, and either to jump and break his neck or to stay and be smashed. Of course the engineer in such circumstances isn't always killed, especially if he sticks to his engine; but, I tell you, it takes nerve to handle a lever and wait like an intelligent man when another engine is almost atop of you. Nine men out of ten would just drop on the floor of the cab and say the first bit of a prayer that they could lay a hand to.

"Speaking of nerve reminds me that there was an engineer on this road once who lost his nerve under very similar circumstances, and Hank Stevens was at the bottom of those circumstances, as you might say. It isn't at all uncommon for an engineer to lose his nerve. It may happen through having his spinal marrow hurt in an accident—at least that's what the doctors say—or it may be that he has been frightened once clean through, and when that happens he's done for. The least little thing will frighten a man who has had one good scare, and he knows it, and is always on the lookout for something that is going to scare him.

"There are men who will run an engine for 40 years, and then something will happen—some little thing perhaps like a collision, or going off a bridge, or the bursting of the boiler, and after that they are never fit to run even a cattle train. Now, this hyer Hank Stevens was at the time I am speaking of engineer of the engine that hauled the accommodation train between Athensville and Tiberius Centre, and Matt McGinnis was engineer of the express, being a man who had been 30 years in the company's service and was considered to have no superior in his line. He was a very nice, quiet sort of fellow, and he didn't like Hank's noisy and reckless ways, for there's no denying that Hank was reckless at times. I don't object to an engineer taking chances when there is anything to be made by it, but Hank just took a pleasure in running for a siding when he knew that he had only mebbe a minute to make it in, and that if he didn't make it, or if his watch happened to be a minute slow, another train would be into him.

"That's what I call recklessness, and I don't care who says it ain't. Well, every afternoon Hank's train used to meet the express. Going up he would meet her about 10 miles north of here, and going down he would meet her just a mile out of Spartansville. It was his duty to go on a siding and wait for the express, but when she was five minutes late Hank had the right of way, and could go ahead and require the express train to wait for him. You may bet your life he never waited more than the five minutes, and sometimes he would pull out when he could hear the express coming and make her back down to the next station.

"There was a girl somewhere on the line. I disremember just exactly where, though, come to think of it, she must have lived at Spartansville. No she couldn't either, for the accommodation never stopped the night there, and so Hank couldn't have spent his evening with her, which was his general rule. She must have lived at Tiberius Centre, where Hank laid up at night and where Matt McGinnis lived when he was at home. Well, any way, we'll say she lived there, and it isn't of any consequence where she lived so far as this hyer story is concerned.

"Both the men were dead in love with the girl, and she didn't seem disposed to make up her mind which of the two she liked best. Hank used to come to see her pretty near every evening at about 8 o'clock, and Matt used to spend most of the two hours he had in Tiberius Centre every day from 1:30 to 4:34 at her house. As far as I could judge, Matt was making a little the best headway, for he always had the girl to himself when he called, while when Hank was there in the evening her father and mother were apt to be on hand.

"Hank was terribly jealous of Matt, and he never lost a chance to make things unpleasant for him on the road. He would pull out from the siding where he had been waiting for the express a minute before she was due, and when he met her he would show his watch, which he had shoved on until she was two or three minutes fast, and stick to it that she was right. Reasoning with him wouldn't do any good. There was his train on the track, and he wouldn't budge an inch, so the express would have to back down, and Hank would remark to Matt that if he didn't get a new watch he would come to grief some day.

"Why didn't he complain to the superintendent? So he did, but when the superintendent called Hank up and questioned him Hank's watch was exactly right, and he stuck to his story till the superintendent believed him, and he began to think that Matt was getting a little too old and too careless. This wouldn't have made much odds to Matt if it hadn't been that he found himself wondering if possibly Hank's watch was right, and if he himself was beginning to show signs of failing. This is just what Hank was working for, for he had sworn that he would make Matt lose his nerve, providing Matt got the better of him with the girl.

"Then Hank took to halting his train on a down grade and informed the conductor that his engine wasn't working just right and required a little repairing. He would make a big show of unscrewing a nut here and easing a valve there, and then he would oil her and spill a lot of oil on the rails. When the express came a-groaning and a-panting and a-puffing up the hill, her driving wheels would strike the oil and slip, and the train would be stuck long enough to make her come into the next station 10 minutes or so behind time. Matt knew well enough that Hank was playing it on him, but he couldn't prove anything, don't you see, and all he could do was to swear and take the reprimands that he got without attempting to defend himself.

"After awhile the girl made up her mind, and she took Matt. I don't blame her, for though he was pretty old for her he was a good man, with considerable cash in the bank and a big life insurance policy, while Hank hadn't a cent beyond his pay and was liable from his reckless ways to be smashed almost any day. Of course Matt was in high spirits over his success, and Hank was correspondingly nasty. The first time the two met Matt says: 'Look here, Hank Stevens, I've had about enough of your games, and I'm not going to give you the right of way many more times, when you know as well as I do that you are not entitled to it. Some day you'll pull out of that siding ahead of time once too often.'

"'What are you proposing for to do in the premises?' says Hank, who had a fine command of language, and could be most deadly polite when he wanted to be.

"'I propose,' says Matt, 'for to open my throttle and smash your dirty little accommodation train into 5,000,000 splinters and you with it. That's what I intend to do, and what I ought to have done long ago, only I had a weak sort of feeling for your passengers.'

"'All right,' says Hank. 'You come along with your bullyragging old express and try to smash me if you want to. We'll see who will come out on the top of the heap. I've generally got about two carloads of coal just behind my engine, and I cal'late you'll have some little trouble driving through them.'

"Now, Hank knew well enough that Matt meant what he said. Matt was, as I have told you, a mighty careful and conscientious man, but you could drive him too far, and he had certainly made up his mind to run into Hank's train if it kept getting in his way, and I don't blame him. However, he never did run into Hank's train, though he thought he did, but Hank worked a little game on him that left him with no more nerve than a race horse that is frightened by a bit of paper and thinks it's going to rise up and tear him all to pieces.

"About a week went by, and Hank never crowded the express off the track except once, and he did that when Matt's girl was on the train, and that he naturally wouldn't scare her by a collision. The very fact that the girl was there at the time made it all the harder for Matt to back his train down and give Hank the right of way, for she supposed that Matt had made some sort of mistake in his calculations and had endangered her precious life. So the next time the two men met, which was the very next day, Matt sings out: 'You've done that trick for the last time. You do it again, and I swear solemnly, world without end, that I'll run you down.'

"'Please yourself,' says Hank, and then he saw that the time had come for carrying out a plan that he had devised for destroying Matt's usefulness.

"A week, or mebbe 10 days, or mebbe a fortnight later, the express came round a sharp curve near Antioch about 7 o'clock at night, and precious dark it was, too, at that time of year. Matt was two hours late, owing to a freight train having got on the track ahead of him, and he had received a telegram ordering him to pass the accommodation five miles east of Antioch, where she would wait for him on the siding. Matt was running at about 45 miles an hour, trying to make up a little time, and he kept wondering whether Hank would wait for him on that siding or would pull out and come along down the road just so as to delay the express an hour or so longer. 'If he does,' says Matt to himself, loud enough for the fireman to hear him, 'there'll be the biggest smash that this road has seen this year. Just at that minute the express swung around the curve, and there was an engine on the track not more than 40 yards ahead. Her headlight was blazing away, and right under it Matt could read the number of Hank's engine, which was No. 34, unless I am mistaken. I remember it because it was the engine that used to haul the train that I was baggage master of a year before this hyer incident happened.

"'There he is,' says Matt, 'and he's done it once too often.'

"With that he pulls her wide open and stands to his post. The express engine gave a big jump and fairly sprang onto No. 34—that is, of course, unless I'm mistaken in thinking it was 34, and I don't believe I am. Still a man can't always trust his memory, and I know that mine ain't what it once was.

"Well, the two engines came together, and Matt, he shut his eyes for a minute, for in such circumstances a man can't very well help winking. To his tremendous astonishment there wasn't so much as a jar, let alone a crash. No. 34—yes, I remember now, that was her number—just sort of opened out, as you might say, and seemed to fall in pieces on each side of Matt's engine. There wasn't a train of any sort behind 34, and the express went on her way rejoicing.

"Matt turns to the fireman with a face as white as a consumptive parson's, and says he.

"'Jim, did you see that engine?'

"'Never saw anything plainer in my life,' says Jim, 'but it wasn't no engine. That was a ghost if ever there was one.'

"'We ran through it,' says Matt, 'as easy as if it was a fog bank. Well, if ever I get this train to Tiberius Centre somebody else will have to take her back.'

"They do say that when the express came into Tiberius Centre that night Matt had to be helped off the engine and helped to his house and a doctor sent for. The doctor said the man was suffering from a severe nervous shock and must keep perfectly quiet. Matt he sent in his resignation the very next day and never drove an engine on our road afterward.

"He hung round drinking middling hard and keeping quiet, according to the doctor's orders, for about a month, and then he got a berth on the Montana Southern road. But he wasn't of the slightest use. His nerves were clean gone. He'd think he saw things on the track when there was nothing but mebbe a moonbeam, and he'd call for brakes and stop his train and have the biggest kind of job in trying to tell the conductor what he had stopped the train for. The company dismissed him after about six months, and Matt gave up railroading and is now driving a truck in Chicago.

"I don't know whether he knows the trick Hank played on him or not, but this was the way of it: Hank spent a lot of money in Chicago for a pasteboard engine, made to look exactly like No. 34 and provided with a genuine headlight all complete. Then he had this hyer Quaker engine set up on the track just round a curve at a time when he knew that the only train which could possibly come along would be the express. Of course he had several fellows engaged in the thing with him, but Hank was a mighty popular chap with the boys, and he could always find help enough for any game that he might want to carry out.

"Of course the express engine went through the pasteboard concern without even feeling it, and I don't blame Matt for believing it was a ghost, especially as he had the fireman to back him in that opinion.

"I don't justify Hank, for I always considered that he played it altogether too low down on Matt, and Hank allows that he did, now that he is older and has come to look at things rationally. I don't think it's the sort of thing he'd do now, though of course the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, as the good book says.

"What's that you say? Never heard that a locomotive could have a ghost? Well, all I can say is that if you were a railroad man you would know that ghosts of engines and ghosts of whole trains, sleeping cars and all, have been seen time and again by railroad men. If I had time now, I'd tell you of a ghost train that used to run on this very road, and that I've seen with my own identical, individual eyes. You go railroading for 20 or 30 years, and you'll know a sight of things that you'll never know any other way."—St. Louis Republic.

THE KING IS DYING.

Fool, stand back; the king is dying;
Give him what little air remains.
See'st thou not how his pulse is flying?
Hear'st thou not how he gasps and strains
To catch one other stertorous breath?
God! how he labors! Yes, this is death!

Blow up the fire—his feet are cold;
Aye, though a king, he cannot buy
One briefest moment with all his gold.
His hour has come, and he must die.
Withered and wrinkled and old and gray,
The king fares out on the common way.

Light the tapers; he's almost gone;
Stir, thou fool, 'tis past the hour
To cower and cringe and flatter and fawn—
The thing lying there is shorn of power;
Henceforth the lips of the king are dumb;
Bring up thy ghostly viaticum.

Absolve his soul; need enough, God wot!
Mumble and sprinkle and do thy shriving;
Yet, methinks, here and there will be left a blot,
Hideously foul, despite thy shriving,
Nor purfled quilts nor pillows of lace
Can relieve the guilt in the grim old face.

Soft! stand back—it is his last.
Get hence; thy priestly craft is o'er.
For him the pomp of the world is past—
The king that was is king no more.
Let the bells be rung, let the mass be said,
And the king's heir know that the king is dead.
—J. B. Keynon in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE "PLUMPER" UP TO DATE.

It Is a Cheeky Bluff, but It Raises Out Unattractive Facial Contours.

"No woman," said a dentist the other day, "need have sunken cheeks nowadays, and any one of the sex is foolish if she continues to maintain a facial defect that can readily be remedied."

"What's the remedy?" asked a curious man who heard the remark.

"Why, the plumper, of course," was the laconic reply.

"And what is the plumper?"

"It is a dental device that throws the sunken cheek outward, giving it an attractive plumpness. Plumpers were made years ago, before the improvements of modern dentistry, but the modern plumper doesn't at all resemble the old fashioned article.

"These old fashioned plumpers were plates to which were attached concave disks. The plate fitted into the roof of the mouth so that the disk pressed against the inside of the cheek and threw it outward, imparting the appearance of plumpness.

"This old disk has been entirely done away with nowadays, and in its stead is a plate with an artificial gum which throws the cheek out. The sinking of the cheeks is usually due to the recession of the natural gum, caused by the loss of teeth, but sometimes the cheek is naturally sunken, even when the teeth are intact. The insertion of a plumper into the mouth will instantly remove this facial defect.

"Most dentists make plumpers to order for patients, but they can be bought for a trifling sum at any manufactory of dental materials. They are generally made of rubber, although celluloid, and in some instances gold, is the material used in the manufacture.

"The method of manufacture is simple. An impression of the roof of the mouth and the gums is taken in wax. A mold is made from the impression and the mold used in making the plumper plate. Where the natural gum is sunken the plate is simply filled out, so that when it is inserted in the mouth it will throw the cheek outward. The plate is held in place by suction. As a rule, plumpers are made with artificial teeth also, although if the patient desires the plate alone is made.

"Where the jaw has been broken or is misshapen, as the result of an accident, the plumper proves very effective in removing the facial defect.

"The value of the device is that it cannot be detected upon a minute examination of the interior of the mouth. It does not interfere at all with articulation or the mastication of food. Plumpers are used by some actresses, who are aware of their value as a beautifier of the mouth and cheeks."—New York Sun.

A Hearse His Family Carriage.

"Indians can be induced to buy anything when they have money," said C. L. Seuter. "At Waggoner, I. T., I saw a family of Indians, dressed in the brightest colors and the brave, with a stovepipe hat, riding on top of as handsome a hearse as I ever saw. Upon inquiry I learned that he had received a considerable sum of money a few months before and made up his mind that he wanted some fine blankets for his family and a carriage. The agent to whom he went for the vehicle showed him a catalogue, and the picture of a hearse struck the red man as the finest thing there was there. It cost $1,000, but the Indian had the money and cared nothing for the expense, so the grewsome equipage is now a common sight in that locality, with the family riding on top."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It Didn't Work.

"John," said the poet's wife, "another of your poems has appeared."

"Well?" he replied.

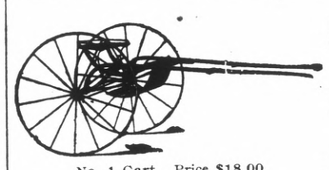
"Oh, nothing, only I was thinking how well 'sonnet' rhymes with 'new bonnet.'"

"Yes, that's so. And so does 'stanza' rhyme with 'bonanza,' but it ain't one by a whole lot."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Wise Girl.

He—Why do you force me to wait for an answer?

She (who is up on political economy)—Because I don't want to give you a monopoly until I find out whether there's any competition.—Chicago Record.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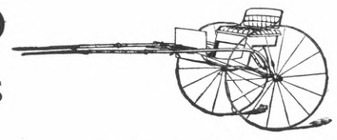
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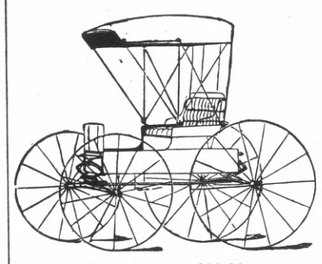
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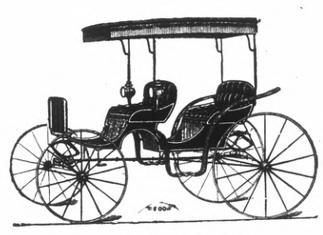
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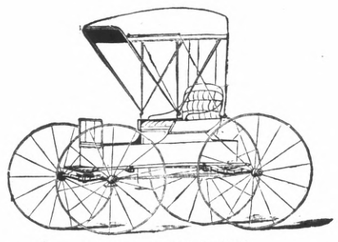
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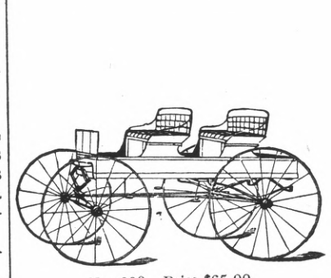
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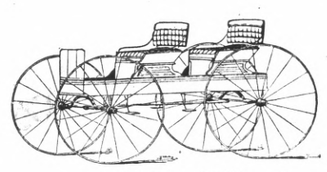
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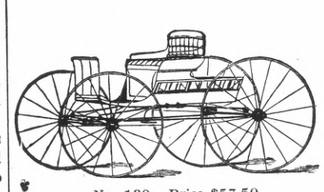
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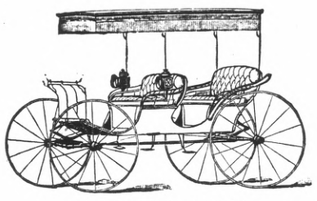
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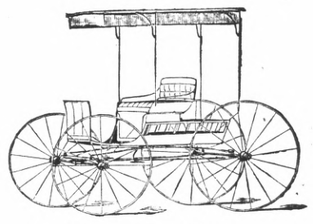
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San Francisco to San Rafael.
WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A.M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P.M. Thursdays—Ext a trip at 11:30 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1.50 and 11:30 P.M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11 A.M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P.M.
San Rafael to San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A.M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:30 P.M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A.M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00 6:25 P.M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park—Same schedule as above.
Special Saturday to Monday Train Service.
SATURDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:10 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:45 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:00 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:38 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 6:45 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 10:40 A.M.
MONDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 5 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 8:50 A.M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sun-Days.	In Effect April 15, '94. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sun-Days.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 am 3.30 pm 5.10 pm	8 00 am 9.30 am 5.00 pm	Novato Petaluma Santa Rosa	10.40 am 6.05 pm 7.30 pm	8.50 am 10.30 am 6.15 pm
7.40 am 3.30 pm	8.00 am	Fulton Windsor Healdsburg Geyserville Cloverdale Pieta Hopland Ukiah	7.30 pm	10.30 am 6 15 pm
7.40 am 3.30 pm	8.00 am	Guerneville	7.30 pm	10.30 am 6.15 m
7.40 am 5.10 pm	8.00 am 5.00 pm	Sonoma Glen Ellen	10.40 am 6.05 pm	8.50 am 6.15 pm
7.40 am 3.30 pm	8.00 am 5.00 pm	Sebastopol	10.40 am 6.05 pm	10.30 am 6.15 pm

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs.
Stages connect at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala and Point Arena.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers
Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Cahto, Willetts, Calpella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Blocksburg, Bridgeville, Hydesville and Eureka.
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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
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TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT
SAN FRANCISCO.
From May 5, 1894.

LEAVE—	ARRIVE
7:00A Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6:45A
7:00A Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7:15P
7:30A Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6:15P
8:30A Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville	4:15P
9:00A New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5:45P
9:00A Martinez and Stockton	10:45A
*9:00A Peters and Milton	*7:15P
12:30P Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45A
*1:00P Sacramento River Steamers	*9:00P
4:00P Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15A
4:00P Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10:45A
4:30P Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno	7:15P
4:30P Raymond (for Yosemite)	10:45A
5:00P Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10:45A
5:00P Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10:45A
6:00P European Mail, Ogden and East	9:45A
6:00P Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45A
†7:00P Vallejo	†45 P
7:00P Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

†7:45A Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	†8:05P
8:15A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6:20P
*2:45P Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	†1:50
4:45P Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*6:45A San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	*1:45P
†7:30A San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	†8:33
8:15A San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6:26P
†9:38P Palo Alto and Way Stations	†1:45P
10:10A San Jose and Way Stations	5:06P
12:01P Palo Alto and Way Stations	3:30P
*2:20P San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10:40A
*3:30P San Jose and Principal Way Stat's	9:47A
*4:25P Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8:06A
5:10P San Jose and Way Stations	*8:48A
6:30P Palo Alto and Way Stations	6:35A
†11:45P Palo Alto & Principal Way Stat's.	†7:26P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From San Francisco—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
*7:00 *8:00 9:00 *10:00 11:00 A.M.
*12:30 1:00 *2:00 3:00 } P.M.
*4:00 5:00 *6:00 }
From Oakland—Foot of Broadway—
*6:00 *7:00 8:00 *9:00 10:00 11:00 A.M.
†12:00 M †12:30 2:00 *3:00 4:00 *5:00 P.M.
A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only
§ Monday, Wednesday and Friday only.
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